

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, INC., 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

No. 1367

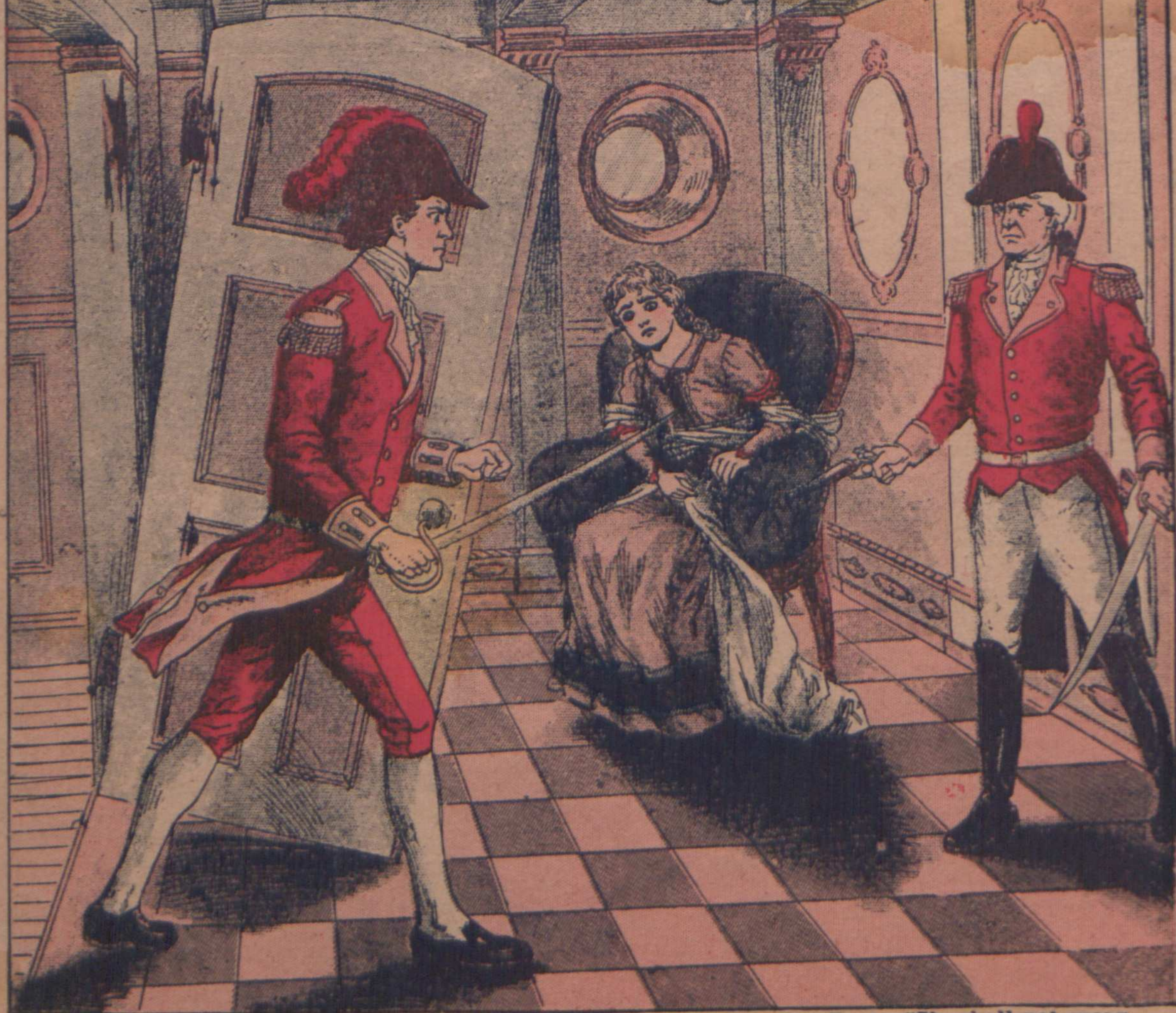
NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1924

Price 8 Cents

THE RED PRIVATEER; OR, THE FIRST TO FLOAT THE STARS AND STRIPES.

AND OTHER STORIES

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON.



"Irma," said the chief, "speak to me." "No!" thundered the British officer. "She shall not speak. I forbid it! I am desperate. Now go, Hal Hawkwing; your time has expired. Go. I say; I will not wait longer!" The chief's eyes flashed fire.

PLUCK AND LUCK

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 160 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 1367

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1924

Price 8 Cents.

THE RED PRIVATEER

OR, THE FIRST TO FLOAT THE STARS AND STRIPES

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

CHAPTER I.—A Strange Case.

It is just an hour before sunset. The sea is rolling in splendor by the golden rays from the declining sun. Wing-and-wing before the crisp breeze skims a schooner whose model would have filled a sailor's heart with longing and envy, even in this day of perfection in maritime construction. Her sails seem enormous for her size, and yet she carries them easily and buoyantly. But they are strange looking sails; different from any that are known upon the Atlantic. They are red—blood red. Ay, and the hull of the schooner, the masts, the blocks, the spars—everything is red—blood-red.

On she dashes before the spanking breeze, gracefully, lightly, fleetly. But look! What is that in advance of her? It is a bark, with every stitch of canvas set, trying with all her might to escape her pursuer. But her efforts are fruitless. The distance which separates them becomes perceptibly less with every moment. It is a strange chase. Why does the bark, which seems the stronger vessel of the two, struggle so deperately to escape her? It is a strange chase. The deck of the schooner is almost deserted. Two forms only can be seen. One is the man at the wheel, who never moves except to turn the instrument in his hands a trifle to port or to starboard as the schooner rides a swell larger than its mates. The other is a tall, commanding-looking figure in the chains at the bow. He might be carved in metal, so motionless does he remain, standing with folded arms, gazing upon the flying bark. The expression of his face is cold, stern, and haughty, while the bright red hue of his uniform lends a beauty to his dark skin and flashing black eyes that is almost startling. Nearer and nearer creeps the schooner to the bark. The silent figure at the bow notes the distance which separates them, and realizes that they are within rifle range of each other. He smiles coldly, and then he utters a shrill whistle. Instantly a light form darts from the companion-way aft and glides swiftly towards him.

"Zara," says the commander, "send Broadships to me here."

The slight form departs to carry out the order, and presently there issues from the hatchway a

figure so strange that one starts apprehensively upon beholding it for the first time.

It is the figure of a dwarf—a strange, uncouth being, scarcely four feet in height, and seemingly fully four feet in breadth. His arms are like the forequarters of a gorilla, bony, muscular, and of extraordinary length. The strength of his muscles must be wonderful.

"Broadships," says the chief, without turning, "I wish to warn yonder bark."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the gunner, for such he is. "Shall I sink him or wing him?"

"Neither."

"Nature, is it? Shure, thin it's a love letter ye want to send?"

"Exactly."

"Is it ready, your honor?"

"No. Get the piece ready. I will bring you the note."

"Ay—ay, sir."

The chief hurried towards the cabin, and the gunner draws a tarpaulin cover from a small gun which stands just forward of the big long Tom, at the bow.

"Shure, it's a beauty," he mutters, patting it fondly; then he opens a locker beneath, and draws forth a round ball about the size of an apple, and as red as the uniform he wears.

With a quick twist he caused it to part in the middle, disclosing the fact that it is hollow. At that moment the chief returns, and in one hand is a folded bit of paper. He hands it to the gunner without a word, and that person places it at once within the hollow ball, after which he closes it again, and thrusts it into the muzzle of the gun. It is a strange proceeding, but one which a few words will explain. The ball is so constructed that upon striking any hard substance it will open, thus allowing whatever it contains to fall to the deck.

"We are near enough to shoot a rifle ball into the cabin windows of the bark," says the chief. "See that you hit nobody, but put that letter upon the deck yonder."

"Ay—ay, sir."

The chief walks aft a little way. The gunner sights his piece. Presently there is a sharp report like the crack of a rifle, only louder. The

blood-red ball can be seen as it cuts a graceful curve between the two vessels and strikes full in the center of the bark's deck. Instantly there is a commotion. The chief can see even with his naked eyes that the shot had caused considerable excitement. But nevertheless he raises his glass. Through it he sees an officer upon the deck of the bark engaged in reading his letter. More, he sees him frown; he almost fancies that he can hear him swear.

"Will he do as I request?" mutters the chief. "Ah, what now? He gives an order to one of his men. The man raises a rifle, he points it at me; he is going to fire, and they expect to see me fall. Bah; do they think that I am a fool?"

Presently there comes a sudden puff of smoke, and the next instant he feels a blow upon his breast, closely followed by the report of a rifle from the deck of the bark. The chief smiles and waves his hand.

"A good shot!" he murmurs. "It would have done for me but for the jacket of steel. Bah! I sent him a message; he has sent his reply. So be it. Broad-sides!" he cried, sharply, turning toward the Irish dwarf.

"Ay, ay, sur."

"Cut out his sticks. Don't leave one standing—not one!"

"Ay, ay, sur."

Then the chief whistles shrilly again, and once more the slight form glides to his side.

"The gunner's assistants," orders the chief briefly, and then he turns and goes below, while presently a half dozen sailors in red join Broad-sides in the bow.

There is a moment or silence as the dwarf trains his piece to suit him. Presently it is ready, and then comes the loud report. The shot is well aimed. It strikes the mainmast of the bark about ten feet above the deck. There is a flying of splinters, and then the crash of the falling mast. But it is not all to be so easily accomplished. The crashing down of the after sails caused the bark to swing, thus bringing her port guns to bear. Instantly they are discharged, and the air is filled with noise and smoke and flying missiles.

CHAPTER II.—The Only Alternative.

The broadside fired by the bark does little or no execution aboard the red schooner. It was fired as she was swinging around, after her mainmast had been shot away, and the aim was therefore very imperfect.

"Lay her by the boards!" orders the chief, in a ringing voice which enters every ear aboard the schooner.

"Prepare to board!" comes the next order, and the men one and all take their positions.

In a moment more there is a violent shock, and the schooner and the bark are side by side, firmly fastened together by the grappling hooks, which have been thrown out and made fast.

"Repel boarders!" comes the hoarse command from the deck of the bark, and the crew rush to their places to meet the avalanche of red warriors which swarm over the rail.

It is indeed an avalanche. Nothing can resist

the rush of that red crew. The crew of the red schooner are victorious; the short but decisive battle is won. The tall, commanding form of the chief leaps forward. He passes through the mass of men and makes his way swiftly to the cabin of the bark. The door refuses to yield to the pressure that he put upon it. He hesitates but an instant, then, drawing back, he throws himself against the barrier. It cannot withstand the strain. The fastenings are broken loose; the door flies open.

An officer in the uniform of the British navy is standing in the middle of the cabin near a huge center-table. Seated in a large upholstered chair directly in front of him is a young lady. She is as beautiful as a dream, but her face is pale, and her eyes are frightened and staring. The British officer is the first to speak.

"Advance but one step nearer," he says; "ay, so much as raise your hand or make but one single move that I may deem aggressive, and I will fire. I'll give you and your crew five minutes to leave my ship."

"Irma," said the chief, "speak to me——"

"No!" thundered the British officer, "she shall not speak! I forbid it. I am desperate now. Go, Hal Hawkwing, your time has expired. Go, I say—I will not wait longer!"

"I go, Oscar Raven, but I will come again. I will not lose sight of you, and beware—beware—I say, for what you then may have to answer."

He turns upon his heel and leaves the cabin. Once upon the deck he motions Broad-sides to approach.

"Go," he says, "and spike every gun upon the bark. Render them utterly useless. Then open the magazine and wet down his powder."

The dwarf turns to obey, and the chief muses on. It does not require much time to carry out the orders he had given, and as soon as the work is done the crew of red uniforms return to their schooner. Then the grappling irons are cast off, and the vessels slowly drift apart. Darkness is just settling down over the sea, when a huge bit of bunting is seen ascending the mainmast of the schooner. Up, up it goes until it reaches the uttermost height. It is the Stars and Stripes—the emblem of liberty.

Hal Hawkwing has been the first to declare liberty. The English yoke has galled him; he can wear it no longer; and, utilizing all the means of which he is possessed, he has built the schooner and armed her. Then, that she may never be mistaken he has painted her red. For upwards of six months he had been afloat in his Red Privateer. As the vessels fall apart, the Stars and Stripes float on the breeze and the crew of the Red Privateer set up a hearty cheer. The chief springs into the rigging.

"Men!" he cried, "behold our banner. The stripes represent the oppression and wrongs from which we have freed ourselves by an act which proclaims us outlaws—pirates! The stars are the beacons of hope for the future, while the red, the white, and the blue signify that by the shedding of blood only can we attain the white wings of independence and freedom and the blue dome of heaven."

Cheer after cheer goes up from the crew.

"We have sailed together for months, but until

to-day we have not struck a blow. Now our work has begun, and we will strike hard and fast. In yonder vessel is at this moment my greatest enemy. I have given him one more chance to atone for his sins, and we will leave him there to make port as best he can."

"Better yardarm 'em at once and have done with it!" cries a voice from the crew.

The chief's eyes flash fire.

"John Meeker, step here!" he ordered sternly.

A sailor with an evil countenance and hang-dog face slouches towards his commander.

"Why do you venture a suggestion?" asked the chief, calmly.

"Because I for one hates to see so much prize money go to waste," replied Meeker, sullenly.

"Are there any others who are dissatisfied?" asks Hal Hawkwing quietly, raising his voice; but no one answers.

"Go below, sir!" he orders. "It is well that you have spoken now for your life is spared. A week later, and you would have been yard-armed. As it is, you will be set ashore at the first land we sight. Go!"

The man turns without a word, but there is an evil glitter in his eyes.

CHAPTER III.—The Fight in Small Boats.

A month later. In the harbor of Havana lies a beautiful white schooner at anchor. Two cable's length from her a bark has just come to anchor. It is evident that she has put in for repairs, for her spars are missing and jury masts fill their places. A solitary figure is leaning against the wheel at the schooner's stern. It is the figure of Hal Hawkwing's and at once it becomes evident that both he and his vessel are in disguise.

"At last!" he mutters. "She has been longer in getting here than I thought, but now I have only a few more hours to wait."

Evening comes—then darkness. A quiet order is given, and presently the deck of the schooner is thronged with men in red uniforms. Boats are lowered, and the men clamber into them, silently, but with determined mien. Then they pull away from the schooner and make their way toward the bark. There are four boats in all, and they silently surround their prey. Then they swoop upon her. The men swarm up the sides. The bark is captured without a shot being fired—without a sound being made. With determined step, Hal Hawkwing makes his way to the cabin. He tries the door. It opens easily.

The cabin is empty. With a cry of alarm he hastily searches the place, but when, in his eagerness, he pulls open the door of a stateroom, he starts back with an exclamation of horror. Stretched upon the floor is the form of a girl. In an instant he is on his knees beside her. He knows that she is dead, but why? There is no mark of violence, no evidence of the cause of her death. Slowly our hero rises to his feet. The expression of his face is as rigid as that of the dead girl before him. He lifts his right hand high over his head and speaks.

"Here is a debt which I must repay!" he says. "As Heaven hears me, it shall be counted out with

interest to every fraction. Irma, my sister, you shall be avenged."

He raises the silent form in his arms and goes with it to the deck. Just as he issues from the companion way, he hears a shout. One of his men rushes towards him.

"Chief!" he cries, "the schooner is attacked. The harbor is swarming with boats."

He kisses the face of his dead sister tenderly and rushes back into the cabin with his burden. In another instant he is upon the deck again.

"To the boats!" he cried, but the men have anticipated.

In a moment more they are all pulling towards the schooner, straining every nerve to reach it before the enemy. Suddenly a bright light illumines the waters, rendering everything plainly discernible. The necessity had evidently been foreseen, and the pile soaked with oil ready for lighting. A small boat, rowed by a gigantic negro, is rushing through the water toward the schooner. In the stern is the figure of a female. In the lurid light of the burning casks Hal sees that she is beautiful. Behind them swarm fully a score of boats, manned. The chief takes in the situation at a glance. She, a stranger, has made her escape from some captivity. She has seen the schooner in the harbor. It is her only hope, and she is flying to its commander for protection.

"By Jove, she shall have it!" cried Hal, leaping to his feet and standing erect in the stern of his boat.

"Fly, lady!" he calls in Spanish; "fly to the schooner. You shall be protected."

"Si, senor; mia gracias," she replies, and her boat, propelled by the powerful muscles of the negro, shoots by him.

"Boat four!"

"Ay—ay sir," comes the answer from one of the Red Privateer's boats.

"To the schooner! quick, for your lives! Cut the cable! Up sails! Tell Broadships we trust to him!"

"Ay—ay, sir."

"Boats two and three!"

"Ay—ay, sir."

"Ready, all! To the attack!"

A hearty cheer is the answer. The pursuing boats are nonplused for an instant, but they do not cease their onward rush. In a moment more the foremost of them and that of the schooner, in which is the chief, are together. The loud reports of a score of pistols, the clashing of steel against steel; the hoarse shouts of the men fill the air with din. They are about evenly matched, and the encounter is terrific. Almost instantly the others are engaged, and the fighting becomes general. The boats from the Red Privateer are together, and fully a dozen of those from the shore crowd around them.

There seems to be no hope for the brave fellows in red. Outnumbered four or five to one as they are, surrounded completely by a horde of enemies thirsting for their lives, and with nothing but small boats beneath their feet, the situation is desperate. Suddenly the chief espies in the boat farthest from him two faces that he recognizes. One is that of the captain of the dismantled bark, the other is that of John Meeker, one of his own crew. Instantly he knows all. He realizes that

he has been betrayed. All the lion within him is aroused at once. Suddenly he gives one wild spring, such as an angry panther might take to avenge her young. It is a leap for life—a leap for revenge. It is gigantic. In that one mad effort he clears the boat, full of men, which is between him and the enemy he hates, and alights fairly upon the gunwale of the boat he seeks to reach.

The shock of his weight is more than the equilibrium of the frail craft can stand. In an instant it is overturned, and the occupants are floundering in the water. But even as they go down, Hal Hawkwing reaches out and seizes his foe by the throat. His fingers close around the Englishman's throat with a pressure that is terrific. But even in one instant much can happen. John Meeker, the traitor, saw the chief when he made the fearful leap, and made ready to receive him. Just as the boat is capsizing, just as Hal Hawkwing's fingers clutch the English captain by the throat and they fall into the sea, the huge knife of the traitor descends. He knows that the chief wears a coat of mail, and he knows where he can strike and avoid it.

The knife point strikes the steel shirt, and is snapped off at the hilt. Then the waters close over the forms of the chief and his enemy. They sink out of sight beneath the waves. Suddenly the chief rises to the surface and his quick eyes look with one hasty glance around him. The English captain is no longer in his grasp. He has left him for dead beneath the water of the harbor. But upon rising to the surface himself he is close by the gunwale of an enemy's boat—the boat in which is John Meeker. The traitor recognized his chief. With a loud cry he points at him.

"The chief—the chief!" he cries.

In an instant he seizes an oar, and with all his strength brings it down upon Hal Hawkwing's head. Like the heel of Achilles, it is his vulnerable point. With a groan he sinks again beneath the water. But an arm is stretched out quickly. It seizes him, and the next instant he is drawn into the enemy's boat unconscious, apparently dead.

"Away!" cries Meeker. "We have the chief! Away!"

Hal Hawkwing, the chief of the Red Privateer, is a prisoner. The fire on the shore is dying out. In another moment all will be dark again. On flies the boat with its unconscious captive. Suddenly there is a loud boom from the schooner. A solid shot flies over the water, and strikes the escaping boat in the bow. It wrecks her instantly and the captive and captors are one and all precipitated into the water.

CHAPTER IV.—A Black Hercules.

No sooner had the ball struck the small boat and wrecked it, participating its occupants into the water, than the surface of the harbor became once more wrapped in gloom. Notwithstanding this, however, report after report rang out from that terrible gun in the bow of the red privateer.

The reader will remember that just before the fight began, a boat propelled by a negro, with a young lady in the stern, had shot past the chief,

bound in the direction of the schooner, upon which they soon landed. The crew of No. 4 boat had returned in obedience to the chief's orders, and instantly the words of command which he had given were passed. The cable was severed, the sails were hoisted, and Broadsides went to his gun. But the girl, Juanita, paid but little heed to these things. She ran at once to the poop deck and from there watched with flushed cheek and wildly beating heart the progress of the battle that was being waged.

Half behind her, crouching in the attitude of an animal about to leap upon its prey, was the negro, Don. His eyes were glistening with a hungry look; his hands clenched and unclenched with eagerness to be in the midst of the fray, while his lips were drawn back over his teeth after the manner of an angry mastiff whose domicile has been invaded by an unwelcome intruder. Juanita, breathless in her expectation of what might happen, and Don, ferocious in his eagerness to take part in the fight, were as though rooted to the poop deck of the Red Privateer, the one standing, the other crouching.

The moment came when the chief, Hal Hawkwing, stood up and leaped at the throat of Oscar Raven, the ex-captain of the dismantled brig. A low, intense cry escaped from between Juanita's lips, while Don ground his teeth savagely together.

"See! See!" cried the girl.

"Don sees!" replied the negro.

The chief struck the rail. They saw him seize his enemy by the throat. They saw the knife in the hands of John Meeker as it rose and descended, aimed at the heart of the chief. They saw the oar raised, and saw the blow struck which rendered our hero insensible. They saw him dragged into the boat, a prisoner. Ay, and they saw the boat disengage itself from the others, and start rapidly shoreward, and then came the loud report of the gun which Broadsides had fired, and the wrecking of the boat in which Hal Hawkwing was a prisoner. Then darkness most intense. In an instant Juanita had turned and seized the negro Don by the arm.

"Go," she cried, "he is in the water. In the water, do you hear? You can save him! You, and you only! Go, bring him here alive, or never return to tell of your failure."

The negro needed no second bidding. With a guttural assent he tightened the belt around his waist, and without a word rushed to the rail. The next instant he had plunged headforemost into the black waters of the harbor. By nature he was almost amphibious. From his earliest recollection he had been more at home when breasting the waves than when his feet were planted solidly upon terra firma. The distance was not very great, and to a powerful swimmer like Don it was soon passed over. Before long he was in the midst of swimming forms, some of which were clinging to pieces of the wreck, and nearly all of whom were calling aloud to their companions in misfortune.

No sooner was he in the midst of the struggling, cursing crowd that he dove like a seal. Before him, in the darkness, he had seen the outlines of two forms who were clinging to the stern of the wrecked boat. With a grin of exultation upon his black features he dove quickly beneath them, and the next instant he seized one of them by the

legs and began dragging him down, down into the depths. Imagine the horror that his victim felt when he realized that some unseen foe was dragging him down to death. He struggled and cried out, and strove with all his might to tear himself loose from that terrible grasp. But his efforts were futile.

He was in the grasp of one whose clutch was that of a giant, and the waves closed over his head despite his frantic efforts. A moment later, and Don was again upon the surface, but his victim rose no more, except to float upon his face devoid of life. A few deep breaths, and again the negro dove, grasping the feet of the second figure. What was his surprise to find, however, that the man came away from the piece of floating wreck without effort, and devoid of resistance.

"Golly!" thought Don. "I speck I've got de boss."

Two or three powerful kicks sent him again to the surface, and the next instant satisfied the black Hercules that it was indeed the captain of the Red Privateer whom he had in his grasp, for at that instant the fire on the shore again blazed up brightly.

CHAPTER V.—Swimming for Life.

Realizing in an instant that he would soon be discovered and fired upon, the negro at once struck out for the schooner, swimming with one hand, and with the other managing to hold the unconscious chief so that his head was above water. But they had not gone far when a loud shout told him that his identity was discovered. The light from the shore revealed not only his own black face, but the red uniform of the chief. The fight had come to an end. The boats from the shore were returning, and they were between the negro and the schooner. The instant that they discovered him they turned their bows so that they rowed directly toward the spot where he was. Nearer and nearer came the boats. They did not fire, because they felt certain that there was no need for it. Don stopped swimming, and supporting his burden, began treading water while he waited for the boats to approach.

"Tree of 'em!" he muttered, "I kin git away wid two, but what'll dis chile do wid de oder one?"

He shook his head dubiously. On board the schooner they were watching the proceedings with evident anxiety. But the dwarf, Broad-sides, was still on deck. More than that, his pet gun was loaded, and his nerve was as cool and steady as ever. To train it and fire it was the work of a moment. His boasted skill had not failed him. The foremost of the three boats, which was by that time within thirty feet of the negro and his burden, was struck amidships and instantly knocked into a thousand pieces. He was still treading water when the foremost of the two remaining boats drew nigh. A man stood up in the bow and leveled a pistol at his head.

"Surrender!" he cried.

"Does I look as dough I war gwine ter fight?" replied Don. "Jes' take de capturing an' den I'll crawl in."

Don purposely conducted himself in a very clumsy manner, while the men were endeavoring to haul Hal Hawkwing into the boat, and thus managed to delay them. At last Hawkwing was pulled over the gunwale.

"Dar now!" ejaculated Don. "Gib dis chile a han'."

"Not much!" cried the man, who had helped the chief into the boat; and at the same time he raised an oar high over his head, intending to strike the negro.

But Don was too quick for him. Seizing the gunwale of the boat in his powerful hands, he gave it a violent jerk. It was well done, but quickly done. The next instant the entire crew were struggling in the water, while the boat was floating bottom-side up. Don laughed loudly as he saw the effect of his stratagem. Then diving like a fish, he again seized the chief in his muscular grasp, and, swimming with him beneath the water as far as he could, came to the surface well out of their reach. The boat which had put back was nearest now, and in a moment more the big black and the chief were drawn into it, and then rowed quickly towards the schooner. But another danger had in the meantime presented itself.

The schooner, which had been anchored so that the guns of the shore battery could not play upon her, had, since her cable was cut, drifted in far enough so that the gunners there opened fire. Just as Don and the captain were assisted over the side, a shot from the battery tore away fully ten feet of the rail close to where they were. Hawkwing was still unconscious, and was hastily borne to the cabin. Every officer of importance had been lost in the terrible fight that had just taken place, and there was no one aboard the Red Privateer capable of directing affairs. No one, did I say? Stop! for at that instant a sharp, clear voice rang out the necessary commands, and although it was a strange one, the men flew instinctively to obey it.

"Haul in the sheet ropes!" cried the voice. "Up with your helm, there! Now jibe her—jibe, I say!"

There stood Juanita, her brilliant eyes sparkling with animation, and her whole aspect that of one who is capable of commanding, and meant to do so. The gallant schooner swung around without let or hindrance. The strain was terrific, for jibing is at all times a hazardous undertaking, but she withstood the perils, and by the time that the third shot had been fired from the shore battery she was again out of range of the guns.

"Forward there!" again cried Juanita, when she saw that they were out of reach of immediate peril.

"Ay—ah!" came the quick answer from every pair of lungs aboard the schooner.

"Send the gunner aft!"

"Ay—ay!"

In the meantime, Broad-sides, with a grin upon his features, had shuffled to the poopdeck.

"Your name?" said Juanita, sharply.

"Broad-sides, ma'am."

"Where are your officers?"

"Dead, ma'am; that is, 'cept the chief an' yer-self."

"What were the crew doing aboard that bark before the fight?"

"Lookin' for the cap'n av it an' a young leddy wot he stole, bad cess to him!"

"Broad-sides, do you see that battery?"

"Oi do."

"Can you silence it with your gun?"

"Oi kin, begob!"

"Do so."

In less than an hour from the time when Juanita had given the order, it could be seen that every man at the battery had deserted his post. "Cease firing!" cried the girl. "At the helm, there!"

"Ay, ah!"

"Let her fall off three points."

"Ay, ah!"

"All hands stand by with the grappling hooks."

"Ay, ah!"

"Don!"

"Yes, missy."

"When the schooner touches the bark board her."

"Yes, missy."

"Dive below into the cabin and bring to me the young lady whom you will find there. Be quick about it."

"Yes, missy."

The schooner rounded up until she glided along close to the rail of the bark.

"Ready, all! Cast!" cried Juanita.

The grappling hooks flew out, and at the same instant the negro Don leaped through the air and landed safely upon the deck of the other vessel. At that moment there came a loud report from seaward, and, turning with startled looks, the crew of the Red Privateer saw a huge frigate bearing down upon them.

CHAPTER VI.—The Queen of the Sea.

Scarcely two minutes passed before Don was again on deck. In his brawny arms he bore the body of Irma as though it had been a feather.

"Quick, Don!" cried Juanita, and he obeyed.

To leap to the schooner's deck was the work of a second, and then the clear tones of the girl once more rang out commandingly:

"Off with your hooks!" she cried. "Hard a' starboard with your helm!"

"Ay—ay!" they cried hoarsely.

Already they were beginning to look upon this girl commander with awe, and to wonder if she were not an angel who had suddenly dropped into their midst to deliver them from the threatening perils which surrounded them.

"Lay to!" came in thundering tones from an officer on the deck of the frigate, who, trumpet in hand, leaped into the rigging.

"Ay—ay!" roared Don in reply, speaking at the dictation of his mistress.

But Juanita had calculated the situation to a nicety. The frigate was a huge vessel, and had considerable headway when her own sails were backed. Juanita also had a plan in her mind, and she sent for Broad-sides while the vessels were nearing each other.

"Broad-sides," she cried, "I believe you to be a wonderful marksman."

"Thankee, ma'am," replied the gunner.

"The frigate has a long gun on her stern."

"She has, ma'am."

"Can you dismount it?"

"I kin, ma'am."

"Very well. The firing of this pistol will be the signal for you to fire. Do you understand?"

"Ay, ah, ma'am."

Broad-sides touched his forelock and returned to his post, reaching it just as the required position was reached.

"What frigate is that?" cried the clear, girlish voice of Juanita, not giving the naval officer time to put the question to her first.

"The Tempest, in the service of His Majesty King George," replied the officer, pompously. "What schooner are you?"

For an instant there was silence, and then in tones as clear as a bell the voice of the intrepid Juanita rang out in this strange reply:

"A rover of the high seas; one that owes allegiance to no law but the law of God, and who despises King George and all who fawn like curs at his feet."

"What?" the officer cried. "Beware, young sir, or you will get into trouble. Go below and send your commander on deck, or I will sink you!"

"Sink away!" cried Juanita, and at the same moment she raised her pistol and fired. Scarcely had the echo of the report died away when the long gun which old Broad-sides handled with such skill, belched out its volume of smoke and fire. The range was short and the aim was true. The solid shot with which the gun was loaded tore away the upper portion of the frigate's after-rail, and struck the huge gun carriage aboard the man-o'-war fairly and squarely. There were shouts and curses and a rush of feet to answer the fire, but the mischief was done, and the huge gun at the frigate's stern was for the time being utterly useless.

At that moment, too, the fire on shore again died out, leaving everything enveloped in total darkness. Presently, for an instant, a bright flash lit up the harbor and a sullen roar told that the frigate had fired a broadside, but not a ball struck the gallant schooner as she dashed away through the blackness of the night. Juanita went below. In a moment more she was standing by the couch whereon the unconscious form of Hal Hawkwing had been laid. He opened his eyes as she entered. By his side knelt the figure of a youth, with long hair like a girl's; but he arose instantly when Juanita entered, and seizing her hand, kissed it rapturously. Juanita motioned him aside, and went and bent over the couch.

"Do not speak," she said to the chief. "I will dress your wound. The schooner is safe; we have left the harbor. All that you would have done has been done. The body of the young lady has been taken from the bark and is now aboard the schooner."

"Who are you?" the chief managed to gasp.

"A wanderer and a refuge," she replied. "Listen, Captain Hawkwing, but do not talk. You have a severe wound, and if you would recover you must obey my directions."

Then in a low voice she told all that had happened, omitting nothing, and even through the veil of pain the eyes of the chief glistened as he heard what she said.

"A word more," she said. "You have not an

officer left alive capable of sailing the schooner. If you will trust me, I will take her to a safe and sure retreat; a place which I alone of all living beings know to exist. It is an island in the sea, surrounded by high cliffs and protected by innumerable reefs. There you can recover your strength in peace. Do you wish me to take the schooner there?"

"Yes," he muttered, and then he had fainted again.

Day was just dawning as she stepped forth before the crew. At the same instant there was a cry from the maintop.

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" cried Juanita, leaping to the rail.

"Dead astern," was the answer.

It was the frigate. She had followed the schooner out in the darkness, and by luck only had kept upon her wake. Every sail was spread, and all saw that the schooner's speed was to be tested to the utmost.

CHAPTER VII—Becalmed and Pursued.

The frigate was so far astern of the schooner that any execution by firing was totally out of the question. All day long the chase continued, the relative positions of the two vessels remaining unchanged. When night settled down there was no change beyond the fact that to the practical senses of the sailors the wind seemed to be dying away. It was true. Scarcely had the sun been set an hour when the wind died out entirely, and the schooner rocked like a cradle upon the long, dead swell of the sea.

As the sun went down, the moon rose, flooding the water with its light, and by the aid of a powerful glass Juanita could see that preparations were already being made aboard of the frigate for an attack in small boats.

"What would I not give for but six hours more of wind," she murmured. "But there is not a cloud to be seen; this calm will continue until sunrise, and then—what then?"

At that moment the little square figure of old Broadsides shuffled back to where she was standing near the companionway. He touched his cap respectfully.

"Speak, Broadsides," said Juanita. "What is that you have to say?"

"The min hev been talkin', ma'am," said the Irishman, "and by the same token they air dead sartin that we can't lick thim spalpeens wot's comin' in crowds ter board us."

"Do you mean to say," she inquired coldly, "that they prefer to surrender—that they will not fight?"

"Not a bit av it, ma'am. Ther byes ain't built that way, so they ain't."

"What then?"

"Down below in the hold, the chief has some swapes."

"Some what?"

"Swaps—oars, ma'am."

"That is good, Broadsides. Give orders at once to get out the sweeps. Let the men man them as they will. Tell them that upon the strength and endurance of their muscles depends the safety of the schooner, their lives, and the life of their chief."

"It gives us another chance," she muttered, when the gunner had left her side. "We can keep far enough ahead of them so that if they persist in following, the wonderful skill of Broadsides can wreck their boats one after another. If we were motionless upon the water awaiting their approach, were he twice as quick as he is in the management of his gun, he could hit more than three out of the seven before they'd be upon us."

The men worked with a will. Through her glass, Juanita could see that the enemy were redoubling their exertions. They had seen the effort which the schooner was making to escape, and they were resolved to foil it if possible. Hour after hour the battle of muscle and endurance was kept up. Even the cook had left his galley and the steward his pantry, in order to participate in the general effort, while Juanita herself stood at the helm, her hands firmly grasping the spokes, and aiding by a careful direction of the schooner every ounce of strength which was applied to the sweeps. Still the small boats gained, there was no doubt of that, and they kept doggedly on.

An hour passed. The frigate had long since been lost to view, but the boats were in sight, and only a little more than a mile away. The very first intimation that Juanita had of a change in the weather was upon seeing the pursuing boats suddenly turn about and start with even greater exertion upon the back track. At the same instant a sullen roar like the moaning of a horde of gigantic beasts shook the heavens. There was no mistaken it. The approaching tempest was one of those terrors which in the Indian ocean they call by the name of typhoon. There was not a moment to lose.

"In sweeps!" she cried, with all her strength. "Shorten sail for your lives! Bare poles only!"

The men sprang to obey. Waves, mountains high, rushed at the schooner from seaward, with the apparent power to smash her into chips.

"Down! Down! Everyone!" cried Juanita. "Hang on for your lives!"

Then the tempest struck.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Pirates' Isle.

We will not weary the reader by a detailed account of that most terrible tempest. The schooner dashed on and on, and once they felt a violent shock as she coursed upon her way. She had passed so near to the huge frigate that they had touched. But the hand of Providence was in the storm. In an hour it was over and passed, and the Red Privateer was once more floating like a duck upon the water, with the moon again shedding its yellow glory over all. Not a timber had been strained beyond its tension; not a sail had been torn; not a life had been lost. It was marvelous. Juanita took the glass and eagerly searched the surface of the sea, but not a thing obstructed her vision.

There was no sign either of the frigate or of any of its boats. About the middle of the following forenoon land was sighted. Juanita sprang into the rigging.

"Men!" she cried, "yonder lies our haven of refuge from all danger. The combined fleets of

the world could not dislodge us from yonder isle. You shall see that I speak truly."

They cheered lustily in reply.

"Yas, Missy Nita," replied the black.

"Do you remember the waters here?"

"Specks I does, Missy Nita."

"Can you pilot the schooner in through the breakers as in the old days?"

"Specks I kin, Missy Nita."

"To the bow then, and do so."

The negro took his place in the chains. From time to time his deep bass voice would ring out and the helmsman instantly obeying, the schooner would glide safely past a dangerous rock against which it had seemed, but a moment before, she must be dashed to pieces. At length the reef was passed. The schooner, with sails down, rode at peace behind the fearful reef. Then it was that Juanita ordered out the captain's boat. Motioning to Broadships and Don to follow, she stepped into it. The negro seized the oars and the boat was soon shooting swiftly through the water towards the high and seemingly impregnable cliff with which the island was entirely surrounded to the height of a hundred feet.

The negro rowed them straight toward the highest part of the cliff, rowed on until the boat actually bumped against the rock. Then the Queen of the Sea, who was in the bow, arose in her place and seized an iron ring fastened in the—rock? No. Much to the old gunner's astonishment, the ring was attached to a square piece of plank which came away as Juanita pulled upon it, disclosing a hole not much larger than her hand. Old Broadships rubbed his eyes in wonder and looked again. Juanita had thrust her arm through the aperture and seemed to be exerting all her strength to overcome some obstacle. At length she succeeded.

Then, motioning to Don, the negro stepped forward, grasped the edges of the square opening and pulled with all his strength. As the negro pulled, a portion of the seeming rock about the size of an ordinary barn door swung slowly ajar, opening to the Irishman's astonished vision that which seemed a veritable Eldorado. From the schooner's deck the sailors had watched the maneuvering with scarcely less surprise and awe than the Irishman. But when they saw the door swing open; saw the boat containing Juanita, Broadships and the negro, glide through and disappear; when they saw the mysterious doorway close again, thus leaving nothing but the blank wall of the cliff in view, their astonishment knew no bounds, and more than one felt a superstitious terror creep over him.

But even a greater surprise was in store for them. When the boat passed through the opening Broadships discovered that they were floating in a small but deep cove, or bay, which, in area, was about one-fourth of the entire island. Before them was a beach which sloped upwards to grass and trees and tropical flowers. Off to the left were the ruins of two buildings of stone and mud. Broadships looked again at the cliff through which they had passed by the narrow doorway. He was about to remark what a pity it was that the schooner could not be brought into that bay, when the words suddenly died upon his lips. The cliff through which they had made their way with such ease was not of rock. He saw that at

a glance. It was artificial. It was fashioned by the hand of man. The entire portion which separated the bay from the open sea was made of wood. From the inside that was plainly to be seen. From the outside it had not once been suspected, for there it was painted to represent rock, and upon it in various places were planted shrubs and moss, and such vegetation as one will find growing upon the face of cliffs where Time deposits a bit of soil.

"Come!" cried Juanita. "There is work to do."

The boat was rowed to the beach. They quickly debarked, and herself leading the way, they mounted to a platform where a rusty windlass was located. Don seized one of the handles and fitted it into place. Juanita pointed to the other, and signified to Broadships to follow the example of the negro. Then they worked. But the chains were rusty from long disuse. At last, however, the gigantic strength of the two men started them. They creaked and groaned, and then began to wind slowly on the windlass head.

"Look!" cried Juanita.

Broadships raised his eyes. Then he rubbed them in surprise. The cliff which separated the bay from the open sea had parted in the middle and was swinging open.

It did not take the crew of the Red Privateer long to place her in safety behind the supposed cliff. Then it was learned that the ruins upon the island were well known to Don and Juanita. The wounded chief was taken ashore and conveyed to one of the houses.

At the end of a month Volcano Island began to look as it did in days gone by. One day later Hawkwing set sail with all but Juanita on board, who remained alone on the island. Don had been despatched in a small boat on a mysterious errand.

A week later the Red Privateer was still on her cruise, far from Volcano Island. A day later a brig was sighted by Hawkwing and they gradually drew nearer to each other.

As soon as the Red Privateer came within hailing distance, Hawkwing sung out:

"What brig is that?"

"Ain't got no name," in a strange voice. "What schooner is that?"

"The Red Privateer. Will you come aboard?"

"Well, no; I've got a wholesome respect for my skin and sich."

"You are a Yankee, are you not?" asked Hawkwing.

"You bet."

"We mean you no harm. Come aboard and talk with me."

In a few minutes a boyish looking fellow sprang upon the deck of the Red Privateer.

"What may your name be?" he asked Hawkwing.

"It might be Captain Kidd, or Buccaneer Ben, but it is only Hal Hawkwing."

"Whew!" cried the Yankee boy. "Maybe you'll help me out. Ever since war has been declared."

"War declared!" cried the chief.

"Gosh! the United States of America has slapped John Bull in the eye, and——"

"Young man!" cried Hawkwing, you have brought me good news. Ask your favor now."

CHAPTER IX.—A Desperate Chance.

The Yankee boy looked at the chief in surprise. "Ye didn't know it, eh? Oh, yes, Jonathan got tired o' John, and they've dissolved partnership, an' the hull coast is alive with British cruisers. I thought you were one."

The chief smiled.

"My name is Reuben Carwell," continued the boy. "They call me Rube for short. You kin, if you want to."

"All right, Rube. Go on."

"See that ship?"

"Yes; I've been looking at her for some time."

"She's been a-layin' in a cove on the Connecticut shore fur more'n a week, an' me an' the other fellers have had our eyes onto her. She's British."

"I thought so."

"Did, eh? Well, she is, or rather she was. She's Yankee now."

"Ah! I see."

"Glad of it. Night afore last we dropped onto her, fired the crew overboard, cut the cable, hoisted the sails, and started out. We war makin' ful New London, where the Continentals are, but somehow we lost our reckonin', an' when you started in to overhaul us, we made up our minds that you meant fight, an' so we got ready. If you kin help us into New London, mebbey Washington could make some use of the brig. See?"

"Yes, I see. You are a brave boy, Rube. How many have you in your crew?"

"Just thirty, countin' me."

"How would the boys like to ship on the Red Privateer?"

"They'll be with you to a man. We was goin' to enlist or do something, but ef you'll help us to get the brig into New London——"

"I will take her there for you, and I will see that you get due credit for your heroic capture. Then I will apply for my letter of marque, and you and your friends shall sail with me."

"Return to your brig now, Rube, and follow me. To-night, if it is dark, we will lay to."

The programme was carried out to the letter. They sailed straight for New London, arriving there without accident or interruption of any kind. The brig was turned over to the new Congress, but not one of the boys would accept any prize money for her. They said that they did not want it. Much to Rube's delight, he received an autograph letter from General Washington, thanking him for the services that he and his friends had performed for the new government. With it came the letter of marque for the Red Privateer.

Great was the astonishment which her presence created in the minds of the country people in the neighborhood of New London, and many shook their heads sagely and murmured that they thought the word Privateer, in her case, only another way in which to spell pirate. However, Hal Hawkins did not care for such things, and he soon hoisted his sails and sped for Montauk Point. After making harbor near the point, the chief embarked in a small boat, accompanied only by Broadships and the youth who had watched over him so tenderly when he was wounded in the fight at Havana.

Rube, who was really a good sailor, had been

made mate of the Red Privateer, and to him was left the care of the schooner during the absence of the chief. The small boat drew up in a little cove from which a steep path led up among the rocks. Leaving Broadships in the boat, the chief took the youth by his hand and disappeared. They followed the path wearily a mile, at last halting before a house built of stone which stood almost concealed in the trees which surrounded it.

Night was just descending when the chief rapped loudly on the door with the butt of his pistol. In a moment more a little stream of light shot out upon them through an auger hole in the door, and a gruff voice asked querulously:

"Who's dar?"

"Hal and Bessie," was the response.

"Lor' bress ve, honeys, ye don' say so, shore 'nuff!" cried the voice, and the door was thrown quickly open, revealing the form of an old negress standing, candle in hand, trembling with delight.

"Yes, Aunt Blossom," continued the chief, as he stepped through the doorway, "it is Hal, and I have brought Bessie with me. She has grown since you saw her."

The old negress turned and shuffled hastily into a room at the end of the wide hall. Then she placed her candle on the table, and taking the face of her younger visitor between her great rough hands, she said:

"An' you is Bessie, dat ar' wee gal, eh? Wha' for you got dem boys' togs on, eh?"

"I had her wear them for safety, Blossom," said Hal. "But I have got no time to spare, Auntie. I must be off at once. My schooner lies just behind the point, and there are many who would be glad to make a prize of her."

"N—no, honey!" cried the old woman. "For sure you'll stay a little while wiv ole Aunt Blossom when you's done been away so long."

"Not now, auntie. I have brought Bessie for you to love and care for. They will not think to search for her here."

"Not much, honey. An' ef dey does, dey won't find her. Blossom know a place ter hide in, sho' nuff."

Hal took a step nearer and said:

"Come out with me, Blossom, I have a word to say to you."

"Good-by, Bessie," he added, taking the young girl in his arms and kissing her tenderly.

She was but a child; not more than thirteen, and she wept bitterly when he left her; but she knew it was for the best and so bore the separation.

"Blossom," said the chief quickly when they were outside, "how is she?"

"Jess 'bout de same, honey."

"No change—no better—no worse?"

"'Bout de same, Massa Hal."

"Good-by, Blossom," he said; "be good to them both. Remember they are all I have in the world."

"No, no, honey. Dar's Missy——"

"Irma is dead, Blossom," interrupted Hal, sadly.

"Dead!" cried the old negress, starting back in terror. "Dot purty chile wot I'se toted roun' so much? She done gone died? Am she shore 'nuff dead, honey?"

"Yes, Blossom, she is dead. He did it. Say no more. Be good to those who are left to us."

"Dat I will, Massa Hal."

With a quick motion Hal Hawkins bent forward and imprinted a kiss upon the withered old cheek, so black and yet so pure.

"Bless you, Blossom!" he said, and then, turning quickly, he disappeared in the darkness.

The old negress brushed two great tears from her eyes, striving to gaze after the retreating form, but the darkness had swallowed it completely.

"Dot ar's my boy!" she murmured. "An' golly! ain't ole Blossom jes' proud o' him? She shore nuff is."

Then, wiping away another tear, she re-entered the house. Hal Hawkins hurried to the boat where he had left Old Broadsides awaiting his return, but, ere he reached the top of the bank a form arose in the darkness immediately in his path. The chief's hand at once flew to his pistol, but the voice of the faithful Irish gunner reassured him.

"Sh!" he said in a half whisper.

"What's up, Broad?" inquired Hal.

"Sure, the divil himself is up an' movin', too," said the gunner.

"What do you mean?"

"I was settin' in the boat a-waitin' fur ye, whin I heard talkin'. It kim nearer, the talkin', I mane, an' I shoved the boat out till I war out o' sight in the darruk—my, ain't it darruk? Thin I drapped the little kedge anchor over, an' thin I drapped over too, begorra. The wather's cowl'd, but I made me fins worruk till me keel grated on the stuns, an' thin I crawled on me han's an' knees till I heerd two spalpeens a chinnin'."

"Could you hear what they were saying?"

"I could that. Sure, there's a bilin' av divils wat think the schooner was made for thim, an' these two fellers kim down to have a look at her location, so they did. They think we're goin' ter lay there all night just fur the fun av bein' tuk, an' this hull bilin' is comin' fur us in boats, so they are."

"When?"

"Begorra, they forgot to mention that same. To-night, though. I thought I'd wait here fur ye, thinkin' they might run into ye, see!"

"Yes, Broad. Get the boat now, quick. We must get to the schooner at once."

The gunner waded out into the water and struck out for the spot where he had left the boat, being soon lost to view in the darkness, which was intense. Hawkins began to think that he was gone a very long time when suddenly he heard him returning. He was still swimming.

"The boat's drowned, cap'n!" he said, panting.

"Gone, Broad?"

"It is that!"

For an instant the chief did not know what to do. But he quickly decided.

"Broadsides," he said, firmly, "we must swim to the schooner. Follow me!"

The next instant he was in the water, swimming with powerful strokes through the darkness in the direction of the schooner.

CHAPTER X.—A Mysterious Companion.

Although Juanita had said that she should not permit herself to grow anxious before the end of

two weeks from the day when Don left her to carry out her orders, the morning of the seventh day found her upon Point Lookout, glass in hand, eagerly and thoroughly scanning the horizon. She spent nearly the entire day in her vigil, ceasing only when darkness threw its mantle over the sea. Then she sighed heavily and returned to the castle.

But ever and anon during the day a startled bird had flown crying from the bushes behind her. She thought nothing of it, but could she have turned and looked suddenly back, she might have seen two piercing eyes that were watching every motion that she made. During every preceding day those eyes had been almost constantly upon her.

Even at night when she was sleeping soundly in the fancied security of her room, they would peer in through the curtains eagerly, expectantly, and then when satisfied that she was sleeping a form would glide stealthily about the apartment, ever and anon letting its glance fall upon the motionless figure of the Queen of the Sea.

Never a day, never a night was Juanita free from the surveillance of those strange, piercing, eager eyes. They followed her everywhere, and yet she was in no way conscious of it. The eighth day was passed in the same manner as the seventh, and with a like result. The ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth came and went in the same manner. On the thirteenth day she descried a sail, and for an hour her heart beat violently in expectation. But it was only to meet with a disappointment at last, for it proved to be that of a French cruiser, and was soon afterwards lost to view again.

The fourteenth; the fifteenth; the sixteenth; the seventeenth. Still was her vigil unrewarded. Now and then a sail would appear and remain in sight for a short time, but it would soon drop out of sight behind the horizon. The island was far out of the beaten track for merchant vessels. At the end of the seventeenth day she became despondent.

"I was wrong to send him upon such a perilous errand," she said, speaking aloud to herself. "Poor, old faithful Don! I should not have sacrificed you—and yet it was in a glorious cause."

"Poor Don! He will never return!"

"He will return! The stars do not lie!"

Juanita started violently, and leaped to her feet.

"Who spoke?" she cried, gazing affrightedly at the bushes from whence the voice seemed to have come.

Silence was her answer. All was quiet, still. Her heart beat violently. The shock had been severe.

"Who spoke?" she repeated, louder than before. Still no answer.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed. "No one spoke to me! Of course not! How could they? I am alone here! It was only my fancy. I am getting nervous."

Nevertheless she looked well to the pistols which she carried in her sash, and her step was quicker and firmer as she returned to the castle. She even barred the door with more care than ever before, and when once within the confines of her own room she set systematically about making everything secure.

She thought it was foolish as she did so, but

it made her feel easier and more secure in her loneliness when once it was done. When she retired she could not sleep. In spite of all her efforts her eyes remained wide open. In the morning as soon as the sun had risen, she left the castle and repaired to Point Lookout.

The warmth of the sun and the brightness of the morning had convinced her more than ever of the folly of fearing that she was not indeed alone upon the island, so that by the time she had reached the point of vantage she was her old self again. She was just raising the glass to her eye when she suddenly saw something which caused her to drop it to the ground and to start back with a cry of alarm. In a crevice in the rocks at her side was a forked stick, and upon the fork thereof was a bit of paper.

The next instant Juanita leaped forward and seized the paper, but as she read she shuddered with a new fear. There was proof positive that she was not alone upon Volcano Island, for there was a note which someone had written for her to read. The contents were strange and startling also.

"Fear not," it said, "Don will return. The stars foretell it. But beware of the consequences of his coming."

That was all. Juanita grew hot and cold by turns. Surprise, fear, consternation, wonder, dismay! she felt them all. But she was brave. Now that she knew beyond a doubt that she was not alone, she prepared herself for the enemy. Her nervousness left her. Instead, she became imbued with watchful caution, and was constantly upon the alert for some sign of her unknown companion in the solitude of the island.

Her pistols were ever ready, and when that night it became time to retire there was a coolness and settled purpose about her demeanor which spoke volumes. But throughout the night nothing disturbed her. In the morning she again went to the point, and raising the forked stick she once more fastened it in the crevice in the rock. Upon the forks she fastened a reply.

"Whoever you are," she wrote, "it will be best that you make yourself known to me. I do not fear you, and to prove it I give you this warning. If you do not reveal your identity before the return of the schooner, the men shall search for and find you. Decide to whose mercy you can better trust yourself—theirs or mine."

She left the note there and returned to the castle. An hour later she again ascended to the lookout. The note had been removed, and there was a reply in its place.

"When it is my pleasure," it read, "I will make myself known; not before. Let them search; they will not find me. Remember my warning. You have nothing to fear from me—now."

Nevertheless, Juanita did not relinquish her vigilance one jot.

The distance from the point where Hal Hawkins and Old Broadsides leaped into the water to the schooner was nearly a mile.

Under ordinary circumstances a swim of that kind would not greatly try the endurance of a sailor, but it was getting late in the season, and the water was unusually cold. But Hal did not think of that. The only thought upon his mind was that the schooner was about to be attacked,

and that he was not upon her decks to direct the battle.

He was a powerful swimmer, and so was Broadsides, and their lusty strokes carried them through the water swiftly. Suddenly the chief paused and spoke a cautious word to the gunner.

"Listen," he said. "Do you hear anything?"

"Yis—oars."

"Where do you make them?"

"Straight away on our larboard beam."

"Right. They are heading for the schooner."

"They be."

"How many boats do you think, Broad?"

"Dunno, sir. More than two, anyhow."

"Come!"

Again they dashed forward, swimming stronger than ever, but the distance was as yet little more than half made. Soon they could hear the oars plainly. They were getting nearer. The swimmers and the oarsmen were converging to the point of an acute angle. There was no light upon the schooner; such had been the orders given when the chief left.

On and on they swam with all their strength. Suddenly a dark object loomed up in front of them, scarcely thirty fathoms distant. It was the schooner. At the same instant the gentle splash of the muffled oars sounded quite near. In another moment the attack would be made. Hawkings' resolve was taken.

"Ahoy the schooner!" he shouted with all his strength of lungs.

"Ay, ay!" came the reply.

"To quarters! You are attacked by small boats. Lively!"

Instantly all was confusion on board the vessel, while a volley of musketry blazed from the small boats, whose occupants realized that they were discovered.

The battle that followed was fearful. Of all the men who had come out in small boats to attack the schooner, not one had escaped. The captain, who was a giant in size, had been captured by Broadsides, and he now stood with a rope around his neck awaiting the order, to be given by Hal Hawkwing, to be hanged.

CHAPTER XI.—Barred Out.

The schooner was bowling along at a merry pace, but the scene upon her deck beggars description. A half hundred of smoke-begrimed and battle-scarred men standing in a circle which was lighted by two ship lanterns. In the center of the ring a sullen, morose-looking man, a perfect giant in stature, with a noose around his neck, and a rope leading from it to a pulley-block over his head.

Behind him Old Broadsides and three assistants with the rope in their grasp, ready at the signal to hoist the condemned prisoner aloft, and to leave him dangling there until life should be extinct. In front of him Hal Hawkwing, watch in hand, awaiting the moment when the time for the prisoner to live had passed.

Such was the picture. It was a weird scene, and probably the most composed in manner of all who took part in it where the two who were most interested, the chief and the man with the

rope around his neck. The first was calmly regarding his watch, while the other was gazing sullenly from face to face in the group which surrounded him. His features showed not the slightest trace of fear, nor did their expression give any evidence of what was working in his mind.

Was he looking for the weakest part of that group by which he was encompassed? Was he meditating a dash for liberty? Surely such a thought would be madness; and yet, he knew that there was no hope for him there. What man is there who would not rather die fighting than be strung up like a cur to strangle?

"You have but one minute more," said Hawking, coldly, at last; one minute more. Will you speak and go free?"

"No."

The chief closed his watch with a loud snap.

"So be it," he said. "Are you ready, men?"

"Ay—ay."

"Hoist away."

They pulled with a will, and pulled quickly, but they were not quick enough. No sooner had the order to hoist away escaped the lips of the chief, than the prisoner raised his hands quickly and tore the noose from his neck. It was done with so much speed that none could interfere to prevent him, and the next instant he had thrown himself boldly into the circle of spectators.

They were taken back by the effort; so totally unprepared for a move of the kind, that in the fraction of an instant which he consumed in dashing them aside, they were but as straws in his powerful grasp. In a second four of them were hurled to the deck, and in the next the prisoner had dashed through the breach thus made and reached the rail.

There he paused for just one atom of time, and uttered one loud laugh of triumph and defiance. But it was quickly checked. Hal Hawking had bounded forward in pursuit, and just as the escaping prisoner uttered his exultant laugh, he fired his pistol. The laugh ended in a cry of pain. The man tottered on the rail of the schooner. As he tottered and swayed, the chief leaped forward again, and seized him in his grasp. But the cry of pain changed into a laugh of triumph. The muscular, unyielding arms wound themselves around the body of the chief, and the next instant both had disappeared over the rail into the sea.

"Down with the helm! Down, down, down!" cried Rube Carwell. "Lower away a boat there. Let go the sheets. Stand by, now, all of you!"

In a moment the Red Privateer had come up into the wind, and in much less time than it takes to write it a boat had been lowered. Not a sign of the chief or of the prisoner could be found. Hours were spent in searching for a trace of them, but with no result. They had disappeared as mysteriously as though the sea had swallowed them at the first gulp.

Daylight came and found them still searching, and still without result, and they knew then that it was of no use. Hal Hawking, the chief, was lost—drowned, they one and all believed. Sadly the boats were once more raised upon the davits, for the men both loved and respected their chief. Every one in the crew knew that old

Broadsides was more in the lost captain's confidence than anyone else, and by common consent they turned to him for advice. Although Rube Carwell was the ostensible second in command, he, too, looked to the old gunner for counsel.

"Me byes," said Broadsides, dashing a tear from his weather-eye, "thar's but one thing fur us to do, an' that is respect his wish jist as much as we would his orders. We'll sail for Volcano Island an' ax the Queen o' the Say to be our cap'n an' to avenge his death."

"Ay—ay! Ay—ay!"

"I know more than that, too. The chief left a package wid the Quane to be opened in case he came back dead."

On the morning of the twentieth day from the time of Don's departure from the island, Juanita was pale and haggard. She wended her way slowly from the castle to the top of the rock and raised the glass listlessly to her eye.

Then she uttered an exclamation of pleasure, for she thought that she discerned a speck of red just rising over the water. She placed the glass to her eye again, and looked long and anxiously. There was no mistake. It was the gaff topsails of the schooner she saw. They were red, and they could belong to no other vessel. The red spot grew bigger and bigger, until at last she could make out the larger sails—the main, and fore, and jib.

She waited until the schooner had passed the reef. Old Broadsides stood in the bow acting as pilot. Juanita thought it strange that Hawking was not upon the deck, but she began at once to make signals with her handkerchief for them to send a boat in. Presently she succeeded in making them understand. A boat was lowered and manned, and pulled rapidly towards the cliff. Broadsides was in the bow, and he knew where to find the arm-hole through which it was possible to throw open the small doorway by which a row-boat could enter. The boat reached the cliff, and Broadsides thrust his hand through the opening made by dislodging the iron ring. Presently he drew it forth with a look of surprise. He could not find the bolt on the inside. He searched again, but with a like result.

Juanita was still upon the cliff, and he called to her and told her that the door could not be opened.

"Wait!" cried Juanita, "I will go and see. It shall be open in a moment."

She sprang from her perch, intending to swim out into the cove to the doorway. But ere she had taken a dozen steps a figure leaped from the bushes and confronted her. A pistol was aimed at her head and a voice said sharply:

"Move but one step and you die!"

CHAPTER XII.—The Mysterious Woman.

There was more astonishment than fear in the first wave of surprise which Juanita felt as she was thus summarily halted while on her way to the cove for the purpose of ascertaining why the little door could not be made to open. True, the first thought was that of fear, but, when in the person before her she saw a woman, and that

woman no larger than herself, and much older, the fear gave way to astonishment. In one brief instant she had regained her composure.

"Why do you stop me?" she asked, composedly, and without a trace of fright in her voice.

"Why?" echoed the woman, "because it is my wish that those men come not here again."

"Who are you?" asked Juanita suddenly bending forward and peering into the face of her companion. "I feel sure that I have seen your face before somewhere, but I cannot remember where. Who are you?"

The woman trembled visibly.

"Don would remember me," she said, "but you were too young—too young."

She had forgotten the pistol in her hand, and the arm was hanging listlessly at her side.

"Who are you?" repeated the Queen of the Sea.

"Whoever I may be, I am the sole possessor of this island," she said, looking up quickly.

"No," replied the girl, "that cannot be for I am here."

It was a strange reply, and it had a strange effect upon the woman.

"True!" she cried, "you are Junita, and have as much right here as I."

"What do you mean?" said Juanita. "Tell me!"

"Not now—not now."

"Go to the castle then—go to my room. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes," answered the woman, who had suddenly become strangely subdued.

"Go there then and await me. I will unfasten the door, and as soon as the men have brought the schooner in I will go to you."

Juanita spoke as though she expected to be obeyed, nor was she mistaken. Without a word in reply, the woman turned and went rapidly towards the castle. Juanita watched her until she disappeared. Then she ran to the shore of the cove and, without an instant's hesitation, plunged in and swam to the spot where the small door was located. It was fastened by means of a bar which swung on a pivot at one end and fitted into a chock at the other, and for the purpose of fastening it still more securely there was a bolt or peg over the bar beyond the chock, out of reach of an arm thrust through the square opening. This peg had hung for years unused, but Juanita saw quickly that it had lately been put in place.

It was a very easy matter to withdraw it, thus allowing the door to be opened. Then she turned and swam again to the beach. As soon as this impediment was removed, Broadsides threw open the door and the boat came through, the men giving three hearty cheers for the Queen of the Sea as they hurried after her. Soon they were on shore, and in a moment the windlass was working. The great cliff doors swung open, and presently the sweeps on board of the Red Privateer were dipped into the water, and she floated into the hidden cove. Then the doors were closed again, and once more the gallant schooner was at rest in perfect security. As soon as the necessary work was attended to, Old Broadsides approached Juanita, who was still standing on the beach in her wet garments, wondering why the chief did not appear. In as few words as possible the loyal Irishman related all that had occurred, concluding with

the intelligence that henceforth she must be their leader and commander.

"Very well, Broadsides. In the morning—tomorrow, I will talk to the men."

Juanita turned quickly and hurried to the castle and to her own room. She entered it, fully expecting to find the strange and unknown woman awaiting her, but the apartment was empty.

"More mystery," she murmured. "Who can that woman be? One of whom I should have heard, I am positive, and yet I have no such recollection. What is stranger still, her face brings back a memory of some kind which I cannot quite grasp."

"Ah, well, she will come to me again, and then perhaps I will learn all. But the chief! What of him? Can it be that the strong self-reliant man, for whom I have conceived such a strange affection, is dead? No, I cannot believe it. And the man whom he sought to make speak—who was he? Perhaps the papers will tell me. I will read them now."

She went quickly to an ebony cabinet at one end of the room, and opened it. It was empty. She knew that she had put the packet there, and that there was but one person who could have taken it away. That person was the mysterious woman, whose presence upon the island was so unaccountable.

"She has dared to steal that packet?" exclaimed Juanita.

She turned, and facing the other way, she cried out:

"Woman—woman! Whoever you are you have dared to take that to which you have no right. I care not whether you hear me or not; but if you do, mark well what I say. I will search until dark for that packet. If then I have not found it, this castle shall be torn apart, stone by stone—ay, and the vaults beneath it! The treasure which lies concealed there shall be exposed to the gaze of all the men! Nay, I will give it all to him finds those papers for me. Think you that you can escape! No!—for even though you have burrowed beneath the rocks, I will have them torn up and you shall be discovered! Return those papers, or by the morrow you shall see your island a heap of ruins, the treasure gone, and yourself food for the vultures. I am queen here, and I will keep my word. I am queen, I say!"

As she ceased there fell upon her ears the rustle of a woman's garments, and then the strange being glided into the room and stood before her.

"Oh!" cried Juanita, "it seems that you heard me."

"Yes," answered the woman slowly. "I have brought back the packet. I have——"

She was interrupted by the loud voice of Broadsides under the window, crying:

"Queen! Queen!"

Juanita hurried to the casement.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A sail," replied the gunner, "an' a devil fur impertinence, too, axin' yer pardon. Sure she's sailed clean through the breakers widout iver scratchin' a rock, an' by the powers, they'll be openin' the cliff duress next, so they will. Hear that!"

The loud report of a huge gun crashed through the air at that instant, and Juanita, without wait-

ing to hear more, but still holding the packet tightly in her hand, hurried from the castle.

CHAPTER XIII.—“Midnight” and “Midday.”

Not more than three minutes has elapsed from the time when they heard the report of the gun before Juanita was at the lookout, but already a small boat had been lowered from the vessel's side, and was being rowed towards the cliff. As soon as she perceived who was in the boat she murmured a short prayer of thanksgiving, for standing upright in the bow was the herculean form of the loyal negro—the trusty Don. She waved her hand to him and he replied.

“Return!” she cried. “The doors shall be opened; there is room in the cove.”

Don obeyed, and the boat's head was turned. Quickly Juanita descended from her perch, meeting old Broadships and Rube Carwell, who were on their way to join her at the Lookout.

“It is Don!” she exclaimed, and then in a few words she told them enough so that they were satisfied to throw the great doors ajar. In a few moments more a graceful schooner, somewhat larger than the Red Privateer, floated into the harbor and dropped her anchor. Then the doors swung to again, while the men upon the beach gazed in absolute astonishment upon the crew of the stranger. Every man of them was a negro. There was not a white skin among them.

“Broadships,” said Juanita, “those are all my own men. They are slaves, but as loyal and true to my cause and to my wishes as I could be myself. See, Don is coming.”

Soon the faithful negro was before them.

“De boys am come,” he said laconically.

“Why were you so long?” asked Juanita.

“I war cotched, Missy Nita, an' sold ober agin fur a slave, but, golly dis chile couldn't be de slave ob two pussons ter oncet nohow.”

“You found the schooner all right, and the boys?”

“Dar dey is, all ob 'em,” replied the negro.

“Very well, Don. I will thank you another time. You know your work—do it. Let everything be as black as the faces of your men.”

Don turned and left them.

“Broadships,” said Juanita, “pipe all hands to the shore messroom. Say to them that I desire to say a few words.”

The gunner hastened to do her bidding, while Juanita wended her way slowly to the messroom.

Presently they were all assembled, and as she walked through the room they set up a hearty cheer which was almost deafening.

“Men,” she said, “I will be as brief as possible.

“On the island of San Domingo there is a large plantation which belongs to me. It is rich in resources and is peopled by a great number of slaves who are also my property.

“I was born upon this island where we now are, and the first home that I ever knew was here.

“Years ago I left it. I was but a child then. My father decreed that I should be placed upon the plantation under the care of Don and his wife, and that I should be reared there in forgetfulness of my former life. He was a Corsair, and

because he loved me best he cast me from him. I have never see him since. I believe that he is dead.

“Don and his wife cared for me for a few years, and then she was stolen. We could never find any trace of her; but Don remained faithful.

“He cared for the plantation and did the work which few white men could do successfully.

“But without being aware of the fact I had enemies—or at least an enemy—who was all the while plotting against me.

“Born with a great love for the sea, I had that schooner built, and the slaves were taught to be sailors as well as laborers. They loved me, all of them; they love me now!

“I was supremely happy for many years, but at last, just one year ago, my enemy succeeded in creeping upon the plantation at night and spirited me away, so that no one knew where I had gone.

“But faithful Don was there yet, and he suspected.

“He left the plantation in charge of his assistants and went in search of me, nor did he tire until he found that I was a prisoner in Havana—kept there because I would not reveal a secret which I hold.

“Some day, perhaps, if you are all faithful, that secret may be told to you; but not now.”

“Many of you were present the night when faithful Don succeeded in tearing me from my jailers, and the rest of the story you know.”

“There is, however, more to tell.

“Your chief, Captain Hal Hawkwing, imposed much confidence in me. He told me of the hatred which his people felt and feel now for the yoke which King George holds over you with an iron hand.

“He told me more—much more concerning his intentions, and, since the Red Privateer has returned, you have informed me that the Colonies have arisen in their might and proclaimed a war of independence.”

A loud cheer arose from the men.

“I have added my feeble strength to that struggle. I sent Don to the plantation as soon as the Red Privateer had sailed. He made the journey in a small boat over the open sea. He was captured and sold as a slave. He escaped, and he is here. He has brought with him my schooner, Midnight, and she is manned and armed. Manned by men whose skins are black, but whose hearts are white and pure, manned by slaves who know that they have but to ask to be set free; armed by loyal hearts and strong hands, and the best guns that money could purchase.

“It was my intention to have given her to your chief to held on his great work, but alas! he is not here to receive her.

“Therefore, men, I take possession of her in his name. She is to be painted as black as your vessel is red, from keels on to turret top. Her name is Midnight, and we'll christen the red schooner Midday!

“See!” and she unfolded a flag, and held it up before their gaze.

It was an exact copy of the flag which Hal Hawkwing had adopted. It was the Stars and Stripes.

“The midnight is officered and Don is her commander. The, Midday I will command, with

Broadsides for her first and Carwell for second officer.

"In three days we will sail in consort from Volcano Island, and when we return the Stars and Stripes shall be known and feared by all enemies to independence and freedom."

CHAPTER XIV.—The Mystery Deepens.

Juanita made her way swiftly to the castle. The packet was still in her hand, and she quickly locked herself in her room, and broke the seal. All that she found there we will not here reveal, but when, just at dusk, she once more left the castle, there was a sternness about her beautiful face that had not been there before.

Ere she had got a dozen paces the strange woman again confronted her.

"I would speak with you, queen," she said, humbly.

"An hour hence, then," replied Juanita, coldly. "In my room. Go there and wait, but see that you take nothing that does not belong to you. In an hour I will return."

Then she passed on, going straight to the beach. A wave of her hand brought a dozen men to her side at once, and she was quickly rowed to the Red Privateer. The key to the cabin door was placed in her hands, and entering, she closed and locked it after her.

She had brought with her the necessary tools, and the locker was quickly pried open. Within it she found several small bundles of letters, a diary, and a statement written by the chief himself. In one package the letters were written in the Spanish language, while in the statement made by the chief was this sentence:

"I do not understand Spanish, and, therefore, the letters which may perhaps be the most important of all I have thus far been unable to read. I do not care to trust them to an interpreter, and therefore, I have allowed them to remain without knowing their contents."

Juanita seized upon the Spanish letters eagerly. That language came more naturally to her than English, for she had known it from infancy. As she read on, her eagerness changed to interest and then to surprise. The contents of the letters overwhelmed her, for, much to her astonishment, she found that they concerned people whom she knew. Ay, more—they concerned her personally, for the name of her father was signed to them. On and on she read, forgetting her surroundings, time, everything, until at length, entirely overcome by her emotions, she broke down and wept bitterly.

"Hal! Hal!" she cried at last, "how little did you suspect the secret that lies hidden here!"

"Ah, well! my duty is twofold now."

The other letter she also read with care, but they together with the diary, while they had been sufficient for the information of Hal Hawkwing; while they had beyond doubt been the cause of his undertaking the task that he had begun; while they indeed referred in the abstract to the contents of the Spanish letters and explained them in part, did not, however, relate the real secret. Still they substantiated it. They proved to her mind that the others were true, had she needed the proof. Instead of one hour,

she had remained in the cabin three, but nevertheless when she reached the castle, the strange woman was there awaiting her.

"You wished to speak with me; what have you to say?" asked Juanita, sadly, for she had not yet recovered from the shock of her discovery.

"You are Juanita?" said the woman. "The daughter of——"

"The daughter of him who formerly made this island his home," interrupted Juanita; "proceed."

"Who was the girl who was buried here when that red schooner first came?"

"Her name was Irma."

"And who was her father?"

"Woman!" exclaimed Juanita, passionately, "I am a stranger to those people. Why do you ask me such questions?"

"Because I believe you can answer."

"I cannot—nay, I will not."

"Do you know who I am, Juanita?"

"No. Who are you?"

"I was once the queen here."

"Then you were the wife——"

"I was his wife, yes."

"But not——"

"No, Juanita, not your mother. Would that I were, for you are a noble girl. Your mother had been dead two years and you were yet a babe when I became his wife. Now do you know why it is that you remember my face?"

"I do. When did you leave here?"

"I fled from here at night and alone when you were less than four years old. I fled, and he did not pursue me."

"But why did you go? Tell me all."

"I went because I was wretched; but I found a greater misery, because I loved him in spite of all. Ay, and he loved me. Three years ago I returned, and I have been here alone ever since; alone until you came. I returned because I could not remain longer away. I knew he was dead, that the island was deserted, but I came, and when, one day, you came also, I thought that you meant to take away the treasure; that is why I threatened you."

"But, girl, the treasure is more yours than mine. I have thought better of it all. Take it if you wish. It is yours."

"Tell me," said Juanita, changing the subject, "do you know aught of my father's history before you came here?"

"Yes, yes," sighed Maria; "I know it all. He told me many times—many times."

"Tell me—tell me all!" cried the girl.

But Maria shook her head sadly.

"I cannot remember," she said. "It has gone from me, as clouds obscure the stars. Now and then there is a glimmer; I see one twinkling brightly in the distance, but when I try to grasp it, it is gone."

Juanita went quickly to her table; she procured pencil and paper and handed them to Maria.

"Take them," she said. "When your memory returns, if but for an instant, write, and write quickly. Do so from time to time. By and by you will have put down all. Will you try?"

The woman's eyes brightened.

"Yes," she cried. "I will do so. Perhaps I will so tell all the story. I think it is something that you should know—and yet I am not sure."

We pass from the last scene to one which occurred nearly two months later. The *Midnight* and *Midday* had been cruising along the Atlantic coast for more than a week, and at the time referred to they were just entering Long Island Sound from the sea. A settlement known as New Haven, situated at the head of a magnificent harbor, was in the hands of the English, and the *Queen of the Sea* was resolved to strike a hard blow. She had a double purpose in view, for the mail bags of a captured British cruiser which the two schooners had sunk off the coast of Virginia had given her important information, and her plans were quickly laid. Her intention was to creep into the harbor under cover of the darkness, and to strike before their presence was suspected.

CHAPTER XV.—A Silent Foe.

The red schooner was in the lead, her bright hued sails looking as black as those of her consort in the darkness. Juanita's orders had been that the *Midnight* should follow exactly in the wake of the *Midday* until further orders, and, to enable her crews to do so, a very small light had been placed in the cabin window of the *Red Privateer*. At length Juanita calculated that they were close enough for her next move. She gave her orders in a low tone, and the few sails that were set were quickly, though with great care, lowered to the decks, and a boat was sent back to the *Midnight* to give her the same orders. Word was also sent to the negro Don to come on board of the *Midday* at once.

"Don," said Juanita, when he appeared. "Do you see those lights on our larboard bow?—those that are nearest?"

"Yes, Missy Nita."

"They shine from the British man-of-war *Merciless*."

"Yes, missy."

"If we go nearer in the schooner, or attempt to approach in smaller boats, we will be discovered. And one broadside from her guns would sink us without fail. Do you understand?"

"Ay—ay, Missy Nita, Don sees."

"Good. There is one way in which we may capture her, however, and that, too, without a sound being made that can be heard five hundred fathoms away."

Don's eyes glistened, but he waited patiently.

"Take fifty of your men. Let them strip to the waist, or wear only a native girdle on their loins if they prefer. To their waists fasten a knife or two and let them carry their cutlasses between their teeth. Drop quietly overboard, and swim swiftly but silently to yonder vessel. When there, surround her at every point from whence you can climb to the deck. When all is ready give the cry of a loon—you can do it perfectly. That will be the signal for your attack. Mount silently to the deck, and as silently, one by one, strike down the watch. See that not a person escapes your vigilance to give warning to the men below. Let not a sound of any kind be made if you can avoid it.

"If you succeed thus far the remainder will be easy. Your next move will be to silently fasten down all the hatches and to do it securely. Then, with men, go to the cabin; open the door,

or burst it open, if necessary, and make prisoners of all whom you find there. Bind them securely and take them up on deck. See that the approaches to the cabin, by way of the hold, are securely guarded; and then, when all is done, and my orders have been carried out to the letter, flash some powder in a pan from behind the poopdeck. I will see it and know that you have been successful. As soon as I see that I will send out some boats from this schooner, filled with men, whom you will silently assist on board. They will have their orders, and they will bring you further instructions. Remember, your watchword is 'Silence.'"

The brave negro turned and left his mistress, and was soon again upon the deck of the *Midnight*. He soon selected the men, and they received their instructions. Ten minutes later they were on the schooner's rail prepared for the expedition. Don went among them from man to man, personally ascertaining if they were equipped to his satisfaction, and when, at length, he was entirely satisfied, he gave the word in a low tone, and they went quietly overboard without a splash or a sound. Fifty woolly heads bobbing from wave to wave toward the British vessel, fifty pairs of eyes eagerly glowing, fifty hearts beating in expectancy, fifty pairs of hands itching to seize the enemy in no tender grasp. Nearer and still nearer to the man-of-war they approached. Twenty of them were under the chains at the bow. Ten were under the cabin windows at the stern and ten were scattered along on either side of the vessel. Suddenly the lonely cry of a loon was heard, but so faint and indistinct that it sounded from far out in the bay.

The dark forms crept silently toward the deck. They mounted at all parts of the vessel at once. The sleepy watch had not heard a sound and the night was so dark that they had seen nothing. Don was one of the party at the bow and he mounted the deck first. When the negro, Don, reached the deck of the British man-of-war, the very first thing that he saw outlined against the sky was the form of the deck watch. He was standing with his back towards the intruder, and in an attitude which suggested that he had heard some slight sound to alarm him. Don drew himself up quickly to the deck, and then he crouched and gathered himself for a spring. The instant came, and the black, almost naked body of the negro shot through the air like a projectile from a catapult. The great, black, muscular fingers closed around the watchman's throat like a vise from which there was no relaxing.

A quiver of the body—a convulsive shudder—a spasmodic contraction of the muscles—a violent effort to struggle, and then the watchman sank back into the negro's arms, and was laid quietly upon the deck, motionless and still.

But the first thing to be done was to fasten down the hatches, through which the crew might issue, should they receive the alarm. It was easily and effectively accomplished, and at last Don stood master of the deck of that man-of-war, from which one well-aimed broadside would have been sufficient to sink both schooners—the *Midnight* and the *Mid-day*. Then they approached the cabin. The door which led to it was fastened, and, remembering his instructions, the brave negro whispered a few words to his followers,

and then, drawing back, he threw himself with all his weight and strength against the barrier.

It gave way instantly, flying open with a crash, and the boarders crowded in, looking in the dim light of the ship's lamp, which was burning there, more like demons than like men. The noise made by the bursting of the door aroused the officers, and the next instant they came rushing from their several rooms to inquire the cause. But no sooner had they issued into the main cabin than they found themselves in the grasp of the negroes. Their struggles were useless—fruitless. None came to their aid, and in a very short time they were bound and helpless.

Don was triumphant, and he turned up the wick of the lamp which had been burning dimly in the cabin. Then, more from a sense of elation and pride, than from curiosity, he went from one to another of the prisoners, scanning their faces closely. Suddenly he paused, and looked even more keenly at one face he saw. It was the face of a man whom he had thought dead, the face of a man whom he had believed to be lying at the bottom of the harbor at Havana; the man whom he had dragged down, down into the depths, when at Juanita's orders he had swam to the rescue of Hal Hawkwing.

It was the traitor who had betrayed his captain and friends when in that port, and who had thus brought on the fight which had cost so many lives. There were other discoveries he might have made had he looked further, but he thought it time that the signal was given. Juanita was standing upon the poop-deck of the Red Privateer when the flash came, and her heart bounded with joy.

Quickly she gave orders for the lowering and manning of boats, and they were soon in the water filled with men and making their way towards the captured Merciless.

CHAPTER XVI.—Hal Hawkwing.

The boats from the Red Privateer drew up silently, and the men mounted to the deck. Rube Carwell was in command, and he had explicit orders from Juanita. His first act was to cause the cable to be cut, and the great vessel, thus clear of her moorings, began to drift slowly out toward the sea. The men went aloft silently; and without any noise loud enough to attract attention her sails were shaken out and set, and the huge vessel began to make way down the bay toward the Sound.

The prize crew of the Merciless consisted of twenty-five men from the Midday, and twenty-five blacks from the Midnight. No sooner were the sails well set and the huge vessel feeling their influence, than a loud pounding was heard on one of the closed hatchways. The sailors were disturbed.

Rube Carwell went at once to the main hatch and in stern tones ordered silence. The men beneath the hatch did not recognize the voice, and they demanded to know what had happened.

"The Merciless has been captured by the Americans," replied the Yankee boy, "and you are now, one and all, prisoners. If you are not quiet every man of you will be killed."

It is needless to say that there was not another

sound from beneath the hatches during the balance of the night. Juanita's orders to Rube had been for him to make for New London as well as he could, and the schooner would do likewise. Daylight found them considerably more than half way on their journey, and the Red Privateer signaled a halt. The three vessels headed up into the wind near together, and soon Juanita stepped on board of the man-of-war.

All of the spare men of both crews followed her, and they were drawn up in line, fully armed, and ready for fight preparatory to taking off the hatches. When all was ready, Rube went again to the main hatch and rapped loudly upon it. He was immediately answered.

"We are ready for you now," he said. "I am about to open the hatch. You are to come up one at a time. If two try to come out at once both will be shot. Do you understand?"

"Ay—ay!" was the gruff answer.

A moment later and the hatch was opened. One after another the captured men came out, and were secured to the number of two hundred and three. They looked exceedingly crestfallen and disgusted when they learned how easily they had been captured, but the elation which Juanita felt was very great. Calling Don and Broadside to her, she went to the cabin. The prisoners that Don had taken had been securely bound upon being captured, but they were made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

Juanita hastily looked them over. But much to her disappointment the very person of all others she longed to see and expected to find there was missing. There was among them but one familiar face, and she did not identify that until Don whispered in her ear.

"So!" she said, when she remembered; "you are the man who was once a member of Captain Hal Hawkwing's crew. You are the man who at Havana betrayed him to the people who desired his fall. You talked then, in a room adjoining the one in which I was, and I managed to see your face. I should have forgotten it but for Don. Where is your captain, sir?"

"Ashore," sullenly.

At that instant Rube Carwell entered the cabin.

"The prisoners think that we are going to burn the frigate," he said, "and they have just told me there is a prisoner in irons in the hold. Shall I release him?"

"Certainly. Bring that man on deck," she added to Don, when Rube had left.

Then she led the way to the deck. Presently the men who had been sent to the hold returned with the prisoner. Juanita looked up, and then uttered one loud cry of joy. The released prisoner was no other than the chief of the Red Privateer, Hal Hawkwing! His first act was to drop upon one knee before Juanita and then before all the men to thank her for what she had done in his behalf.

"The man who dragged me overboard that night," he said, "is dead. He ceased to live ere we had been a minute in the water. There was a strong breeze blowing at the time, so that when the boats that were lowered reached the water we were far in their wake. I seized upon a bit of a spar that had been thrown overboard, and that buoyed me up. Then I think I must have fainted, for the next thing that I remember was that I was alone in the open sea clinging to the

spar. Soon after daylight I was picked up by men from this very frigate, and here I have been ever since.

"Juanita, my worst enemy, Oscar Raven, is the captain here. How he secured the position I do not know, but he is here, and instead of turning me over to the proper people he has kept me here. You have done a wonderful deed in cutting this vessel out from under the guns of three others, one of which is nearly as large as she is. Who are those black men, and what is yonder schooner?" pointing to the *Midnight*. Juanita quickly told him, and again he fell upon his knees and thanked her, pressing her hand tenderly as he did so. But she drew it quickly away and brushed a tear from her eye.

"Look there," and she pointed her fingers at the traitor.

"Ho!" cried the chief, "so you are here. A rope, my men!"

"Mercy!" cried the wretch, falling upon his knees.

But no mercy was shown. He was soon hung.

"Now, my men, listen! I have a word to say," Hal continued. "Carwell, go forward among the prisoners and ascertain how many pressed men there are there who would like to fight against, instead of for, Great Britain. Release all that you find and bring them here with you."

In a few moments Carwell returned, followed by thirty-six men.

"Good!" exclaimed the chief. "This makes my task easier. We will now set sail for Montauk Point. By night I will have obtained recruits enough to man this frigate. Then, once more, ho, for New Haven!"

Sail was soon set, and by noon the three vessels had come to anchor at a place from whence the chief could act. He hurried ashore, and in spite of his haste, his first call was at the cabin of the old negress. Blossom was overjoyed to see him, but he cut her short in her raptures.

"The time has come, Blossom," he said, "for you to desert this cabin. Take your two charges and go to the two white birches. When there await me. I wish to take you all to a safer place than this, and besides, I feel that I am soon to crush that man who has been our curse."

Then he went on his way, and Blossom gathered up her effects and shortly afterward made her way toward the spot named. She led by the hand a poor, demented-looking woman, who was still beautiful, but who seemed to take no interest in anything that was going on around her. With them was Bessie, in her natural attire, looking cheerful and well. It was late in the afternoon when Hal Hawkwing returned, but he had with him sixty able-bodied men, all of whom he had recruited in the neighborhood.

By the time that night had once more settled over that part of the world they were all embarked, and the three vessels were under way, heading for the port where the great effort was to be made. The night was nearly as dark as the preceding one, and by the time they had reached the entrance to the bay not a thing could be seen fifteen feet away. They steered safely past all the dangers, and at last they could see here and there the glimmer of a light. Small boats were sent out to reconnoiter, and then they went on. Hawkwing chose his position with care. The frigate was kept near the

middle of the harbor, while the schooners kept up more closely upon either side.

Finally he gave the word. Forth from the frigate's side there burst a volume of flame and smoke startling to behold. Following the really frightful discharge came others simultaneously from each of the schooners, and the iron missiles, hurled with such terrible force, went crashing and tearing into the enemy, mercilessly cutting down spars and men.

CHAPTER XVII.—Face to Face at Last.

Confusion reigned supreme on board of the British vessels in the harbor when the storm of iron hail burst so suddenly upon them. The very first intimation that they had of danger was the sudden broadside fired from the frigate *Merciless*, which, only twenty-four hours before, would so gladly have turned her guns upon the very men who were now firing them. In madness, in desperation, they sought to get their guns to bear upon the foe, but that frightful hail-storm of iron poured in upon them from three directions at once, and they did not know what to do. Vainly did the officers endeavor to rally their men. The effort was useless. They were palsied by the onslaught.

Of the two British vessels, one was a frigate—not quite so large as the *Merciless*—and the other a corvette. They were well armed and manned, and under ordinary circumstances would have overmatched the attacking force, manned as it was by so many who were utterly unused to work like that. But the very first broadside of the *Merciless* decided the battle. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst from the corvette. She had taken fire. The flames leaped up in awful fury. They licked the tapering masts with their scorching tongues; they ignited the combustible sails; they ran along the decks, eagerly gorging the resin and pitch and tar which was in their course. Suddenly there was an alarming cry:

"The magazine—the magazine! Fly for your lives!"

Everything was abandoned. The men rushed to the rails like a flock of sheep, and leaped en masse into the water. None too soon. There was a sudden and a terrific roar, followed by a frightful explosion. The corvette seemed to be lifted bodily from the water, and hurled heavenward by a mighty hand. Did the *Merciless* cease her fire then? Did the *Midnight* or the *Midday* hesitate to continue the battle? No. The dreadful storm of iron continued. The guns still belched forth their messengers of death; the fight went on. The guns from the remaining vessel answered feebly, and, as long as there was a shot in reply, Hal Hawkwing would not desist. Suddenly the firing from the British frigate ceased altogether. As soon as this was perceived the attacking vessels discontinued their fire also. Seizing his trumpet, for the vessels had drifted quite near together, Hawkwing leaped into the rigging.

"Do you surrender?" he cried.

"Ay—ay!" came the answer.

"Send your officers aboard," ordered Hawkwing sternly.

"We haven't a boat left that will float. You will have to send boats for the officers."

The necessary orders were given, and the boats were lowered and manned. Then they shot away through the darkness. The task was at last accomplished, and the boats again drew near to the *Merciless*. When they touched the side Hawkwing ordered a ship's lamp brought, and himself stood where he could see the faces of the officers as they came over the side. One by one they passed him until they were all upon the deck.

No—all but one. He was badly wounded, and they were obliged to lift him up. His right leg had been shot away. Hawkwing had not yet seen the face for which he was looking, although he had eagerly scanned each one. When the wounded man was lifted over the side he bent forward quickly.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "So, Oscar Raven, we meet again."

Hal Hawkwing was not inhuman. He saw that his prisoner was suffering tortures from his wound.

"To the cabin with him!" he cried. "Let him have the best of care, and, mark you, see that I am kept informed of his condition."

A prize crew was sent on board of the captive frigate, where, by the way, many of the crew were impressed men, and were only anxious to fight for the country they loved. Then the sails were set, and the fleet of four vessels started for New London where they could gladden the hearts of the Americans by the news of the capture, and by giving them the two vessels.

As soon as they were well under way, Hal Hawkwing went below. Oscar Raven was stretched upon a couch in the cabin, and at the first glance the chief saw that he was dying.

"Raven," he said, coldly, taking a seat by the side of his enemy, "the hours—nay, perhaps the minutes, of your life are numbered. I do not pity you in the least; I am not even sorry for the plight into which you have fallen. For years you have been a cold-blooded, heartless villain, and now your time has come to die."

"And yours to gloat over me?"

"Nay—not that. I have come to you here upon your couch of death to tell you that your only hope in that dark and mysterious future lies in the reparation which you can make during your last moments in this world. Your wife and child are here upon this vessel. Will you see them?"

"My wife and child!" gasped the dying man.

"Ay, my sister and my niece. Will you see them? You cannot restore Irma to life, but you can make atonement to the living."

"Irma to life! Is Irma dead?"

"Scoundrel! So you know not that she is?"

"No, Hal Hawkins. When I left her in the cabin of the bark at Havana she was well."

"I believe you, Raven, for that reason I can forgive much if you now do your duty. There is a minister on board. Will you do it?"

The dying man smiled.

"Of him I have no need," he responded slowly, and speaking with difficulty. "Yonder, in my stateroom, is a chest; among the papers there, you will find the certificate of our marriage. Laura is my wife now. Yes, bring her and Bessie here."

Presently they stood before the dying man.

"Laura," said he, to his half-demented wife, "I am dying. Can you not forgive me?"

"I do not know you," she murmured.

The man sighed heavily.

"Bessie," he said to the child, "I am your father. Have you no word for me?"

But Bessie did not recognize him either. She tried to speak kindly, but there was little consolation in her words. At length Hawkwing was again alone with the dying man.

"Hal," he said, "I am dying. You will find the paper where I said. I am a villain, but I regret it all now, when it is too late. I stole your sister Laura, but she is my wife. Then, when two years ago you tore her from me, demented as she was, even then, by cruel treatment, I was maddened. Then I captured Irma. A worse fate was in store for her, for I hated you. You foiled me. I am glad that you did. It gives me one less crime for which to answer. Be good to Bessie and to Laura. Do not teach the child to hate the memory of your father. The papers are there. Oh, if I could live now I would be a better man; but it is too late—too late. See, it's getting dark. I am dying. Forgive, as you hope for forgiveness!"

His head fell back. He was dead. The sea received his body, and over it Hal Hawkwing read the funeral service ere it was consigned to the deep. New London was reached without accident, and the prize were turned over to the proper authorities. At length when everything was attended to, when there was no longer any need for them to remain at New London, the two strange-looking schooners, one so black, and the other so red, spread their wings and flew away towards their island retreat.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Conclusion.

As the two schooners were nearing Volcano Island Hal Hawkwing spoke the words that were on his mind.

"Juanita," he said, for she had remained on board the *Red Privateer*, leaving Don in command of the *Midnight*, "will you listen to a few words which I have to say to you?"

"No, no! Not now!" she cried, startled, for the moment that she feared had come.

"And why not now?" he repeated. "It is not well to defer anything when the time for action has arrived. Juanita, I love you! All the strength of my heart goes out in this one question—will you be my wife?"

"Hal," she said, solemnly, "when we buried Irma you thought that your sister was no more, but you were mistaken, Irma lives! It was Juanita who died on the bark; it was Juanita whom we buried amid the flowers of Volcano Island. Irma, your sister, lives, for I am Irma; Hal—I am your sister!"

He staggered back as though he had been stricken a blow.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Explain, for pity's sake!"

"Do you remember the papers which you told me to read should the schooner return without you?"

"Yes."

"You could not read them all yourself, but I could. Those English letters simply told the outlines of a strange story which you could not comprehend. The Spanish letters explained it all."

"Go on!" hoarsely.

"I recognized the handwriting of my father instantly in them."

"Your father?"

"Yes. Your father and mine were the same. You never knew his true character; I did. He was a corsair. Volcano Island was his. It is there that I was born."

"Ay, my mother was away when Irma was born. That is true."

"Did you ever hear of Captain Blackwing?"

"The pirate? Yes, often."

"Hal, Captain Blackwing and Richard Hawkwing were one and the same. He was your father and mine."

"Go on."

"The corsair had captured a Spanish vessel just before Irma was sent to you. Upon that Spanish vessel was a child—a girl—whose father had been killed in the fight. She had no name, and so they called her Juanita, after the ship on which she was. Shortly afterward your father determined to send Irma to you, and to keep the child Juanita with him. He felt that he owed it to Heaven that his own child should not be reared in the knowledge of what her father really was. As for the other, she was parentless, and he would care for her as his own, and she would never know the difference. Both were mere babies, and of about the same age. Irma was sent away on one of his vessels; he had three. I am speaking now of your sister—of myself. Before the vessel which was bearing her to you had been long gone, the mood of our father changed. He could not part with his youngest child. For Laura he cared but little. She was the issue of his first marriage! he was weaned from her. You and Irma came from the same mother. You he could not keep with him. You were a boy, and he had not the heart to rear you in crime. You should never know that your father had become a pirate. But he could not bear the thought of being parted from all of his children. Irma was on her way to you, and once there she would be lost to him forever. The children at that age resembled each other strangely, and one, the real Irma, had the scar of a slight wound upon her shoulder where a cut had been accidentally made by a knife. Our father resolved to have his own child back again, and he sent his second vessel out to overtake the first and to make the exchange. It was accomplished. The child Irma was taken back to the island, and Juanita was sent to you instead. It is all told in the letter and in the diary—nay, more, I have the mark upon my shoulder. I am Irma, your sister, and she who died was Juanita."

Hal's face was white and drawn, but he smothered his emotion. Bending forward he kissed her tenderly upon her forehead.

"All right, little sister," he said. "I am proud of you. It is perhaps a brotherly love that I feel, after all, only I did not so understand it."

"Hal," she said, "leave the men to set things to rights. Come with me to the castle."

He went obediently, for he felt from her manner that there was yet more to learn. Nor was

he mistaken. Juanita went directly to the room which she called hers. She confidently expected to find Mario there, but the room was empty.

"Maria! Maria!" she called, but there was no answer.

Suddenly she espied a roll of paper lying against the face of the great French clock. She went to it quickly, and spread it open before her. Then she read aloud:

"Juanita," the paper ran, "I am dying. My life is gauged almost by hours—perhaps by moments. You may find me here pencil in hand when you return, and with my story yet untold. I hope that I may live long enough to tell it. If the paper is here and I am gone, do not search for me. In the cliffs there is a cave where I hide. There I will drag myself at the last moment, and there I will sleep the last sleep. . . . I have not strength to write much. The greater part of my story must remain untold. My hand is even now weak and my eyes are dim. I must hasten. You must be told who you are. Your father thought you were Irma, but you are not! You are Juanita."

The paper fell from her hands, and Hal started forward eagerly, but she waved him back.

"Wait!" she said, and then read on.

"Irma was sent to the captain's son, and a vessel was sent to bring her back and to send you instead. There was a man in his command who hated him. He saw an opportunity for revenge. He was in command of the vessel which was sent to make the exchange. Instead of carrying out his orders as they were given, he took both children and went on. Upon your shoulder he made the mark resembling Irma's. To the son he delivered the real Irma, and with you, Juanita, the foundling, he returned. But ere he reached the island he was attacked, and in the fight he was wounded. He died before he reached this island. He alone knew the truth of this matter.

"To his mate he gave some papers to be given to me secretly. They told the story as it was. The papers are now in the treasure vault. You are not the daughter of Captain Blackwing, but Juanita, the foundling; I never told what I knew. . . . My memory is leaving me again, I must stop and hurry to my grave. I have written the truth. You will find proof in the treasure vault. Forgive me and pray for me. I am going mad again. I am dying. Goodby."

"Maria."

With a glad cry Juanita sank into Hal's arms, which were open to receive her. Together they visited the treasure vault. It was a mine of untold wealth. There they found the proof to which Maria had referred. The treasure was bare before them. Hal Hawkwing gazed at it for a long time. At last he spoke.

"As the heir of my father, the corsair, this wealth is mine," he said. "I accept it, and I will devote it to a noble purpose. It shall buy ships and arms and equipments for my struggling country, and once again I will take up the cudgels in the fight for freedom and independence. You, Juanita, shall be beside me—my wife."

Next week's issue will contain "THE IRON SPIRIT; or, THE MYSTERY OF THE PLAINS."

ROSES ON APPLE TREE.

White roses on a crab apple tree is a freak of nature at the home of Miss Annie Rems, near Allentown, Pa. Large branches, all laden with double white roses, are growing from the branches of the tree.

OCEAN GOLD SCARCE

Many attempts have been made to extract gold from the ocean, but so far the operations have cost more than the ultimate product is worth.

It is estimated that a barrel of salt water contains only a few cents' worth of gold.

Certain English chemists assert that the quantity of gold in sea water has been reduced in late years by the action of the sun spots from one grain to one-thousandth part of a grain per ton of water.

LONG BOATS MADE OF LOGS

The hadji picked out the boats I was to take for a river trip in Sumatra. The one in which I was to travel was fully 40 feet long and the one that was to carry my supplies was 25 feet

long. The supply boat was capable of carrying a ton and a half.

"They had been made by the hollowing out of huge logs and they had been very carefully thinned down and were shaped not unlike great canoes.

"No particular knowledge of the river was necessary for steering. The stream was deep enough everywhere for our boats, which drew little more than a foot and a half of water. In the ordinary current the four oarsmen with their wide paddles could propel their boat at a good speed and where the current was strong they laid these aside and used poles.

"Two men started at the bow, and, planting their bamboo poles firmly on the bottom of the river, they pressed their shoulders against the ends of them and walked toward the stern on the upper edges of the hollowed log, which was about six inches wide. When they reached the point where they no longer had a purchase, a second pair stood ready to take up the work at the bow so that there was never a moment of drifting back."

Take Special Notice!

We own "MYSTERY MAGAZINE." It contains exciting detective, crook, and mystery stories. All of them are fine. You ought to read them. Why don't you get a copy? The latest number contains

A good detective story called

"THE LOCK AND KEY"

Written by HAMILTON CRAIGIE

A splendid two-part serial entitled

"A TEST OF CONSCIENCE"

J. B. WARRENTON, Author

A department of handwriting in which LOUISE RICE gives free readings of your character, if you send her a sample of your writing.

SIX (6) DANDY SHORT STORIES

"CLUE: ONE HAIRPIN," by H. P. Rhodes

"A DEVILISH CONTRIVANCE," by Maurice Coons

"BETRAYED BY WORDS," by D. E. Kramer

"CHANCE," by Dorothy Shea

"ON THE TRAIL OF DOPE," by Leslie Barreaux

Besides all these it contains an interesting article by TOM FOX (Scotland Yard Detective), called "Bogus Money," and a large collection of shorter items that will please you.

GET A COPY TODAY AND SEE HOW GOOD THIS MAGAZINE IS

THE BOY BEHIND THE BAR

— Or, —

The Terrible Stories He Told

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER VI.

How Cupid Was Badly Wounded.

"She is not ill at all—only hurt and shocked," stated the physician.

Then he left the house, went to the place where the struggle took place, and soon caught the odor of the ground coffee.

Lighting a match and looking around, he soon found the bill he had placed in Mrs. Oakley's hand. He opened it and found that it was five dollars.

He put it in his pocket and returned to the saloon.

The proprietor of the saloon said nothing about the Oakley case when he returned to his place, but others came in and reported that Oakley had nearly killed his wife and had been taken to the police station; while his wife had been borne to her home in a state of unconsciousness.

Jack heard every word, of course, but there were missing links in the story.

No one knew that Hutchings had given the woman any money, neither did Jack.

At twelve o'clock he returned home and did not see his mother until at the breakfast table the next morning. Then he told her the story as far as he knew it.

Mrs. McCauley had known Mrs. Oakley for many years, and her heart was so touched that she wept as she listened to Jack's recital.

"Jack, it is awful!" she remarked. "Mrs. Oakley is a good woman, and her children are well-behaved, too. Oh, if I had something to divide with her! But I will go and see her this day and take something to her."

Jack hurried away to the saloon to wait on early customers.

He was fast becoming an expert. He had learned how to concoct drinks and frequently fixed them up when there were more customers present than the bartender could wait on.

Hutchings was highly pleased with him. He noticed his willingness to work and his disposition to keep quiet and not engage in conversation with patrons of the place. He answered questions politely, as well as he could.

During the day, he heard that Oakley had a bad case of tremens in the police station-house, and when he recovered he had no recollection whatever of having laid violent hands on his wife.

She refused to go to the police court to testify against him, but he was fined all the same for disorderly conduct, on the charge made by the officer.

He was fined ten dollars and costs, but not

having the money, he was to remain locked up for ten days.

On hearing that, Hutchings went to his physician and asked for his opinion as to whether it was better for him to pay the man's fine and have him released, or let him stay where he was for ten days, in order to be out of the reach of whisky.

"Let him stay here, by all means," advised the doctor, "for just now his thirst is greater than it will be a few days later;" hence, instead of paying his fine, he decided to let him stay there, and when he had served out his time he would have a talk with him and try to get a job for him.

He knew that the ten dollars he had left with the poor woman would feed the family well for a week or more.

The elder daughter, Edna, was earning three dollars a week at the mill, and on the fourth day the proprietor instructed Jack that on his way home to supper he should go by the Oakley home and make inquiries as to how they were getting on.

Edna was in tears. She was a girl about his age, and they had been to the same school together.

"Mrs. Oakley," said Jack, "Mr. Hutchings instructed me to come by here and find out if he could do anything for you."

There was a sad, weary look in the woman's face.

She said:

"Thank you, Jack. I am so utterly heart-broken I don't know what should be done. If it were not an unpardonable sin, I would kill myself and all the children to escape the disgrace that has befallen us. My husband has spent money enough in Hutchings's place to have bought this home. It seems to me that he ought to pay the fine and let him come home."

Then Jack told her that he wanted to do so, but the physician had advised him to let him stay where he was, so that, for ten days, at least, he could be kept away from drink.

"Did he do that?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. He is in a bad business, but he is a good-hearted man. He is a thousand times better man than I expected to find a saloonkeeper. When I went there to preside at the cigar stand, it was the only way open to me in all Fairburn to earn money to help mother and the children. If I could leave there tomorrow for a place where I could earn just half what I am getting, I would do so. After this month, he is going to pay me more."

"Oh, it's an awful business," said the poor woman.

"Yes," said Edna, speaking for the first time. "I am living a life worse than death, for it is thrown up to me every day that my father is a drunkard and locked up in the police station. Oh, it's cruel, cruel!" and she burst into tears, burying her face in her hands.

"Indeed it is cruel, but we all hope you will see better times, Edna. I did my best to persuade your father to come home and sober up, for I heard that he would be able to get a job with Contractor Wilcox, but somehow he got away and came back to the saloon."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

HOME BREWING IS ANCIENT

"Brewing your own" in Bavaria, famous for its beers, was started 900 years ago this summer, according to the best information that has been handed down from generation to generation, and plans have been inaugurated to celebrate the event in some fitting manner within the next few months.

The first two hop vines are said to have been brought to this section of the country by monks, who soon after began brewing their own beer, but where they got the vines history does not tell.

Hop gardens existed in parts of France and Germany in the eighth and ninth centuries, but it was not until the seventeenth century that hop cultivation and beer drinking became popular in Continental Europe.

FIRST MODERN BICYCLE MADE 108 YEARS AGO

Several crude bicycles were made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but the direct progenitor of the modern bicycle is supposed to be one made in 1816 by Baron Karl von Drais and used in performing his duties as chief forester to the Duke of Baden.

The machine, which was called the "draisine," and which was patented in France, consisted of two wheels of equal size connected by a perch on which the rider sat. It was guided with a bar attached to the front wheel and was propelled by the rider striking his feet against the ground.

A monument has been erected in memory of the "Father of the Bicycle," over Drais's grave at Karlsruhe, in Baden.

Until 1870 all of these machines were called velocipedes, meaning literally "swift foot." "Bicycle" come from the two Greek words signifying "two wheels."

A STUPENDOUS DAM

The world's largest dam, the central unit in an irrigation scheme so vast in its conception as to make even Americans, who are accustomed to gigantic irrigation and engineering projects, marvel at its immensity, is being built on the Indus River in India. American Government irrigation works in Western States, such as the Roosevelt dam, seem small in comparison to the Indus River project near Cukkar, in the province of Sind.

The Indus dam, which will be known as the Lloyd barrage, in honor of Sir. George Lloyd, Governor of Bombay, will be nearly a mile long. Two bridges will be built upon it, one at a low level slightly above the alignment of the river banks and the other at a high level. The railings of the high level bridge will be 770 feet above the foundations, or as high as the tower of the Woolworth Building in New York. The foundation stone of the dam was laid on October 24, 1923, and 20,000 workers are employed, but the project will not be completed, even under favorable working conditions, until June, 1930.

Then the work of regulating and conserving the flow of the Indus by means of sixty-six massive steel gates, each weighing fifty tons, will be possible. While the dam is being built another army of workers is busy constructing a gigantic network of canals which will carry water over an area almost as great as England.

Immediately above the dam seven canals will carry the silt laden waters of the Indus over wide areas of the province of Sind. The Rohri Canal will be 205 miles long, with 2,300 miles of branches. The central rice canal, eighty-seven miles long, will irrigate 500,000 acres of the finest rice growing land in India. Similar waterways will radiate in all directions from the central reservoir. Three of these canals will be wider than the Suez Canal.

When the Lloyd barrage is finally completed, the Province of Sind, through which the lower Indus flows, is expected to share the prosperity of the Punjab, which is due mainly to the successful irrigation of the upper reaches of the river. Vast areas of arid desert land will become rich fields of rice, cotton and wheat; there will be large movements of natives from the densely populated districts of India, and the sparsely inhabited banks for 300 miles along the lower course of the Indus form another great granary for India and the British Empire.

The whole scheme is being financed by the Government of Bombay, the estimates calling for \$60,000,000.

"Mystery Magazine"

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| Semi-Monthly | 15 Cents a Copy |
| 155 LAUGHING DEATH'S TRAIL, by Nels LeRoy Jorgensen. | |
| 156 THE MEDICINE DROPPER, by G. P. Wilson. | |
| 157 A QUESTION OF KICK, by Eugene Jones. | |
| 158 THE MYSTERY OF ROARING WATERS, by Harry Adler. | |
| 159 THE RIVER PIRATES, by Hamilton Craigie. | |
| 160 THE SHADOW OF A NOOSE, by Jack Bechdolt. | |
| 161 AT 2 A. M., by Beulah Poynter. | |
| 162 THE INTRIGUERS, by Grover Kidwell. | |

THE LOCK AND KEY

By HAMILTON CRAIGIE

Out Today in No. 163

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York City

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players

PRICE TEN CENTS PER COPY

Each number contains Three Stories of the Best Films on the Screen—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Dolings of Actors and Actresses in the Studio and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York City

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

LEAKS SPOIL DRY CELL

When dry cell "A" batteries show a crust of salt on the covering, they are no longer fit for use because the zinc container has been punctured and the electrolyte has "boiled," due to a short circuit.

WATCH TRANSFORMER TOPS

If your audio or radio frequency transformers have metal tops on them, be very careful that the connection wires to the binding post do not touch them. The wiring of most amplifiers is usually such that the "B" battery can be completely ruined if a short circuit occurs.

USE NAILS TO HOLD PANEL

To hold a bakelite panel in place while graining, simply drive small brads through a few of the holes and sank the head below the level of the panel. After the work has been finished the nails are easily withdrawn from the table with the aid of a pair of pliers.

Don't attempt to find out what is inside your telephone receivers. Many poor results can be traced directly to the fact that the individual was too inquisitive and opened the receivers by unscrewing the caps. In doing so you may bend the diaphragms and thereby spoil the operation of the phones. The diaphragms are made of very thin metal and are easily bent if handled.

SERIES-PARALLEL HOOKUP

Placing a condenser in series with your aerial or ground will materially reduce the wave length of your receiving set. If you cannot reach the higher waves on your set this may be the cause. Place the condenser so that one side is connected to the aerial and the other to the ground. This is a parallel connection and will raise the wave length range of the set.

FLEXIBLE LEADS FOR ROTORS

Variometer, variocouplers and other radio units that depend on the bearings alone to make contact from the moving to the stationary part are generally subject to trouble. The bearing is either too light to allow the rotor to turn readily or too loose to make good electrical contact. It is always good policy to put stops on the coil and make use of flexible "pigtail" connections to rotor winding. This will assure a positive electrical connection between the two elements and eliminate a great deal of noise from your set.

A FEW TIPS ON SOLDERING

Two pieces of metal cannot be soldered together unless their surfaces are clean, and after they are cleaned they must be heated. When the metal is heated, however, it may quickly oxidize and prevent the solder sticking to it. In order to further the union of the metals and to destroy the film of oxide that forms when the metals are heated it is necessary to use some sort of binder

or flux. Rosin is best suited for soldering in radio work.

When the heat is applied to the joint the rosin runs all over the joint and prevent further oxidation by the heat and air until the hot solder has a chance to get at the cleaned surface. The solder then flows over the clean surfaces and sticks to them firmly, holding the metals together.

STATIC PHENOMENON

At this time of the year when static interference becomes the rule rather than the exception there is ample opportunity of becoming familiar with this phenomenon. To the careful observer it must be apparent that static interference increases with the reaching out for distant stations, as a general rule. However, static interference also seems to differ with the direction of the incoming signal. Still further observation will disclose the fact that static is by no means limited to local conditions. Thus a weak transmitter in the immediate locality may be intercepted without static, while a more powerful transmitter at some distance away will be intercepted with considerable static disturbance, although the intercepted signal strength may be the same for both transmitters. It is held by some radio authorities that the radio waves carry the static disturbances along with them. Whatever the cause may be, it is a fact that static hangs on to some waves better than it does on others.

TUBES REQUIRE PROPER VOLTAGE

Vacuum tubes are the most sensitive of radio instruments and will be comparatively short lived if used carelessly. Improper filament temperatures, excessive plate voltages and sudden shocks will tend to shorten the life of the tube.

The average vacuum tube of good make has a normal operating life of 1,000 hours. This means that if the correct temperature is maintained on the filament the tube will give its normal life. This tube life varies with conditions that are imposed on it.

Many radio fans burn their filaments at a temperature higher than normal, thinking that in this way they increase the strength of the incoming signals.

This does not hold true for properly designed vacuum tubes. Any increase of current beyond a certain point will not give better signals, but will tend to reduce the life of the filament in the tube.

If the filament emission is double the operating life will be practically reduced to that of one-fourth.

Do not use too high a plate voltage, as this puts an extra strain on the tube, which is not helpful in any way. You can readily ascertain the correct voltage for the plate of the detector tube.

Experience will enable a person to determine the proper brilliancy. If desired an ammeter can be used to determine the amount of filament current flowing through the tube.

These values are usually printed on sheets of paper that accompany the tube in the box.

A 6000 MILE RADIO BEAM

Marconi has succeeded in establishing communication between London and Buenos Aires by means of his new directional beam radio system, according to a news dispatch from England. The test follows a long series of experiments using low power and extremely short waves, which are radiated in one direction, like a beam of light, thereby effecting saving in power and eliminating interference troubles.

Under the present system of commercial radio communication the waves are radiated in all directions, and point to point communication is accomplished at a loss of energy which is carried to other points not required in the service.

In broadcasting, the system could be applied successfully to stations serving receiving sets in a certain directional line. Instead of using transmitting power of a kilowatt or more, a broadcasting station could operate efficiently on less than a fiftieth of a kilowatt, provided it was to provide entertainment for specified zones only. This system might be more properly called narrowcasting or beamcasting, because of the restricted area of its influence.

The new radio beam can be turned to any direction, like the beam of a searchlight, and programs could be directed to any section of the country at will. Because of the high frequency currents used, many stations could operate their beams in the same direction at only a few meters difference in wave length without causing interference.

Loop aerials are necessary to receive the beam wave to the best advantage because of their directional properties. In this way programs from hundreds of stations could be received without interference by turning the loop to the required direction. Many stations could operate on the same wave length without causing distortion in the receiver, even from local transmitters.

GRID LEAK

The Grid Leak is of far greater importance in receiving efficiency than is generally realized. The volume obtained from any receiver depends on the grid current and directly on the plate current. An important factor which determines the grid current is the number of negative electrons which are attracted to the grid from the filament. The negative charges on the grid sometimes reach a point where they practically stop the flow of plate current. The grid current piles them up. Unless a good grid leak is in use the tube will become choked up and will not operate. If the grid leak is of the incorrect size, the tube will only partially operate. According to Ernest W. Sawyer, a radio engineer, each type of vacuum tube creates new conditions. The UV-199 provides a high emission at low filament temperatures. The UV1201-A averages five times the emission of the ordinary amplifying tube. The emission or flow of electrons varies with the current and voltage being used. In other words, every time the "A" or "B" voltage is varied, the grid leak should be varied. It appears that for maximum efficiency the grid leak resistance should be as follows: For WD-11 and WD-12, 2 to 3 megohms. UV-200, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 megohms. UV-201-A, 2 to 9 megohms. UV-199, 2 to 9 megohms. A grid leak resistance between 2 and 5 megohms is satisfactory for average work. A resistance between

5 and 9 megohms is somewhat better for weak signals. At first thought it would seem advisable to provide all sets with a variable grid leak, but the public generally prefers to have less adjustments; hence the next best thing is to adopt for each type of set that fixed grid leak which gives best average results on local stations.

UNDAMPED SIGNALS

For the satisfactory reception of undamped signals such as emitted by a continuous wave radio telegraph station, it is necessary to generate locally in the receiving system itself a radio frequency current of slightly different frequency from the incoming frequency. That is, the local frequency should differ from the frequency of the incoming signal by an amount which is an audible frequency.

The combination of the radio frequency currents produces beats at a frequency which is the same as the difference in frequency between them. There are several ways in which the radio frequency current may be generated locally at the receiving station. If the coupling of the ordinary regenerating receiver is continuously increased a point is reached where the circuit starts to oscillate, and by properly adjusting the circuits audible beats may be produced on the heterodyne principle. This is probably the most common method of utilizing the heterodyne principle for the reception of continuous wave signals.

Another method is to use an arc circuit or a small high frequency alternator coupled to the standard non-regenerative receiver. Neither of these methods are very desirable, the arc, because it introduces too many extraneous noises by its unsteadiness, and the alternator because of the difficulty of maintaining a constant speed at any particular adjustment. There remains then the vacuum tube as a separate oscillator and generator of continuous wave of adjustable frequency.

There is a form of oscillator circuit which may become inductively coupled to the standard non-regenerative receiving system in which audible beats are produced on application of the heterodyne principle. The inductance coil is a coupling coil for coupling the oscillator circuit to the receiving system. There may be the stator and rotor winding of a variometer with the filaments connected at the common point of these two windings. The wave length, or more strictly the frequency of the oscillations generated, may be changed by varying the mutual inductance of the variometer winding, and the capacity of the condenser.

For use on long wave length good results may be obtained by mounting the condenser on the same shaft as the variometer rotor so that a single knob controls both. But for the shorter wave lengths it is better to have a separate control for the condenser capacity. The circuit will function without the use of a grid condenser and grid leak, but better results are generally obtained by the employment of these elements.

The external heterodyne requires one more tube for its operation than the regular regenerative receiving set, but more uniform results are usually obtained by its use in the reception of continuous wave telegraph signals.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1924

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	Postage Free	8 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	" "	\$1.00
One Copy Six Months.....	" "	2.00
One Copy One Year.....	" "	4.00
Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00.		

HOW TO SEND MONEY—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly.

HARRY E. WOLFF, } Harry E. Wolff, Pres.
 Publisher, Inc., } Charles E. Nylander, Sec.
 166 W. 23d St., N. Y. } L. F. Wilzin, Treas.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

THE SMALLEST STATION

Ira, N. Y., can boast the smallest electric generating station, with the smallest constituency served thereby, of which there is any record. The total consumers comprise a store, a barn, an office building, two garages, the post-office and four street lamps.

DOGS AS RESCUERS

Mrs. Ruby Pettis, who lives on a ranch near The Dalles, Ore., was pinned under a heavy wagon which turned over when she was on her way to town. Her two dogs, Jacks and Pup, immediately dug a hole under her head and body, thus enabling her to breathe and saving her life. She was unable to extricate herself and was not rescued for fifteen hours, when a neighboring rancher came along.

CAR CATCHES A SNAKE

A six-foot blacksnake was found by George Mason, Road Engineer for Passaic County, N. J., just outside Paterson the other day. It had a girth of a man's fist. And it came already cooked for the table.

Mason was driving over Snake's Hill, so named not because it is infested with reptiles but because of a serpentine twining of the road. He smelled something burning and stopped his car to investigate. He found the snake coiled around the exhaust and nicely roasted.

Mason believes he ran over the snake and it was thrown up by a wheel and entangled.

TWO BAD WOLVES KILLED

Two notorious wolves have been destroyed recently by Federal-State hunters. In Montana a big female wolf, known as "Two Toes," was killed by J. J. Williams after being trailed through ten feet of snow. Ranging over a territory of 300 square miles, "Two Toes" had killed thousands of dollars worth of cattle in the past two years. In 1923 she made her biggest known kill—twenty calves on two ranches—in one week. Her den was dug out and ten wolf cubs were

taken alive and destroyed. The death of "Two Toes" marks the end of a long list of killings in the Highwood Mountains.

In Taney County, Mo., a destructive old black wolf, locally called "The Old Black Devil," was captured in April. For years past this animal had been a terror to the farmers of this county and of Boone County, Ark. He was caught last year in Boone County but escaped, leaving a toe in the trap. Caught later near Omaha, Ark., he again got away. During the past winter he was caught twice by W. S. Beesley, of the United States Department of Agriculture, escaping each time, but the third time, in April, was fatal for him.

Mr. Williams is employed in co-operation work between the Biological Survey and the Mountain State Fish and Game Commission, while Mr. Beesley is similarly engaged with the Biological Survey and the Missouri State Board of Agriculture.

LAUGHS

Closefist—No, sir; I respond only to the appeals of the deserving poor. Openhand—Who are the deserving poor? Closefist—Those who never ask for assistance.

"I'll teach you how to tear you pants!" said the irate parent, swinging a strap; "I'll teach you." "Don't hit me, pa; I know how already. Just look at 'em!"

Father (angrily)—If my son marries that actress, I shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell him so. Legal Advisor—I know a better plan than that—tell the girl.

Boy—Come quick. There's a man been fighting my father mor'n a half hour. Policeman—Why didn't you tell me before? Boy—'Cause father was getting the best of it till a few minutes ago!"

"Judge," said the guilty man, "I inherit the felonious habit. I can't resist it. My father was a grafter and my mother a photographer. I can't help taking things." "Then take seven years at hard labor," said the judge kindly.

A colored man recently announced a change in his business as follows: "Notice—De co-partnership heretofore resisting between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

"These kids I teach aren't a bit slow," observed a school teacher recently. "In fact, I'm sure they read the papers. The other day I proposed the following problem to my arithmetic class: 'A rich man dies and leaves \$1,000,000. One-fifth is to go to his wife, one-sixth to his son, one-seventh to his daughter, one-eighth to his brother, and the rest to foreign missions. What does each get?' 'A lawyer,' said the littlest boy in the class, promptly.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

NOVEL MEDICAL RECORD

When the cornerstone of a new hospital now being erected in New York has been set in place, a complete record of modern medicine will be placed in the block for posterity. Molded in the block will be a reel of motion picture film showing doctors performing operations of this period. There will also be a complete set of glass stained specimens of all known disease-producing bacteria, and ready for scrutiny under the microscope 100 years from now; a collection of drugs regarded as specific cures for diseases and a record of those diseases now regarded as incurable.

FIRST UMBRELLA USED IN BALTIMORE

The first European umbrella was practically an article of household furniture. It weighed three to five pounds, its ribs were first made of metal tubes or whalebone, with its stick as heavy as a small tree, and its covering made of leather or certain heavy oiled cloths.

The European improved on it so it could be folded up, and around 1640 it began to be beautified with handles of precious woods. It was gradually lightened, its covering made of linen, oiled silk or varnished paper. Its first American use was at Baltimore in 1750.

American ingenuity has devised the lightest and most durable umbrella in the world. But for all the effort of American ingenuity the industry could not manufacture a single umbrella but for the manganese imported from Brazil and British India that goes into its steel ribs, or the silk which is mixed with cotton to make the covering, or the malacca, bamboo, mahogany or other imported woods used in the handles.

STRANGE RECOVERY OF SIGHT

What is believed to be the first recorded recovery from total blindness, which physicians do not believe is likely to be repeated, was reported at the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn recently.

The man who was stricken is Victor Atwell, twenty-six, of No. 1070 Brooklyn avenue, a draftsman in the Pearl street offices of the Brooklyn Edison Company. Until Feb. 21 his sight was better than the average. On that day it began to fail and three days later he became totally blind.

Prior to the attack he suffered violent headaches. The family physician took him to a specialist, who sent him to the hospital.

There it was found that his pupils were insensitive to light, which conditions is generally considered evidence of permanent blindness. An operation to remove possible pressure from bones at the base of the nose had no result. The physician, however, continued treatment, although the case seemed hopeless.

Atwell's condition remained apparently unchanged until last month, when he reported that he could distinguish shadowy forms. Physicians were at a loss to explain the improvement, but

it continued until the other day, when Atwell could distinguish between persons standing in his room. He was allowed to leave his bed, and on going to a window could make out trees and buildings.

He now sees only out of the corners of his eyes, and it is necessary for him to roll his eyes about in examining objects. Physicians believe he will recover his sight completely within a few months. They believe, however, that in a few weeks he will be able to read newspapers.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND SERPENTS CROWDED IN TOWN

Noah and his ark had nothing on the little mountain town of Cottonwood, Cal., when it comes to number and varieties of animals on hand.

The foot-and-mouth disease which has raged in California for several months, but which now has been practically wiped out, has been a serious matter, but there has been some humor in the situation, at that—witness the present state of affairs at Cottonwood.

State and Federal guards are stationed at Cottonwood, near the Oregon border, to enforce quarantine regulations, which, among other things, forbid the transporting of animals and birds of any description into the state to the north. Tourists are halted by the score every day and those who are found to have their pet animals or birds with them are forced to leave them behind when crossing the state boundary.

Dogs, cats, canaries, parrots, chickens, goats, guinea pigs, monkeys, goldfish, horses, cows—even ostriches and a pet snake—all these have come under the quarantine ban. The result is Cottonwood's facilities for caring for animals and birds have become overtaxed.

Many of the tourists passing through are wealthy and many of the pets are valuable. Result: The youngsters of Cottonwood are reaping a rich harvest from the pocketbooks of travelers who hire them to care for their pets until they return for them or have them shipped.

Every yard in town, practically, is stocked with stranded birds and animals.

The other day one of twelve ostriches, being shipped East and held up by the authorities, escaped and ran amuck through the streets of the town. Two cowboys were hired to capture the wandering bird, which displayed at times a nasty temper. After considerable excitement, one of the "punchers" succeeded in lassoing the ostrich and he was returned to the yard in which his fellows were confined.

Two Eastern women tourists, crossing Nevada by automobile, were halted at the California line, in accordance with the rules, and were sent into one of several tents erected for occupancy of tourists while their clothing is disinfected.

While the guards at the disinfecting station were busy with the women's garments, the wind sweeping in off the desert lifted the tent from over the waiting tourists and left them screaming and marooned until the guards could obtain blankets for them.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

CLOCKS WITHOUT DIALS

As early as the twelfth century mechanical clocks were known in England and used in the churches, although strangely enough dials do not seem to have been introduced until some 200 years later, and as late as the seventeenth century many village churches were provided with clocks which had no face.

The methods used to sound the hour were frequently most ingenious. The hour and its divisions were frequently struck on the bell or bells by ingeniously devised automatic figures termed "jacks."

The great clock of Rye, the pendulum of which swings free in the church, was paid for by the church wardens in 1560-2, and is said to be the oldest English clock still doing its work.

THREATENS WEATHER MAN

Accused of threatening bodily harm to James H. Spencer, chief of the local Weather Bureau of Baltimore, Joseph L. Hebrank, thirty-one years old, was held recently without bail pending mental examination. According to police, Hebrank is obsessed with the belief that Mr. Spencer is responsible for the hot weather.

Hebrank made several visits to the Weather Bureau, inquiring about the forecast. He asked Spencer:

"What kind of weather are we going to have to-day and to-morrow?"

Spencer read the forecast predicting showers, humidity and continued heat, and Hebrank is said to have replied:

"Well, I am getting tired of this kind of weather. If you don't make better weather I'm going to knock you off."

Spencer then called the police.

MAN ATE WITH KNIFE OR STARVED IN 1600

But 300 years ago a man either ate with a knife or starved. The authority for this statement is Joseph D. Little, manager of the sterling silver galleries of the International Silver Company of New York.

"The first fork," Little says, "was introduced into England during the reign of the high and mighty Elizabeth, the maiden Queen. The Queen had several of the implements brought to her, but promptly cast them aside as too finicky and utterly unworthy of her attention. Scores of years passed before the fork finally came into its own. Those who used forks, like those who purchased the first automobiles, were not considered violent enough for confinement in an institution, but would bear watching."

Little traces the evolution of the spoon from the clamshell picked up by the earliest human progenitors.

PLATE GLASS CRUCIBLE LASTS ONLY TWENTY DAYS

A drawback in plate glass making is that an essential item of equipment, the crucible for melting, requires years for its preparation and lasts only a few days in service.

This means that an immense stock of these

pots must be carried on hand. Some factories keep a reserve supply of 5,000 pots, each weighing 3,000 pounds, in storage.

These pots are made of a special kind of clay. Each one is capable of melting one and one-half tons of glass at once time in a temperature of from 2,500 to 3,000 degrees F. for a day and a night.

The work of making the pot begins three years before it is used. Selected clay is ground, screened, mixed accurately with certain constituents, kneaded and then stored away to "ripen."

The pot has to be formed by hand because a slight defect would cause it to crack in the furnace, thus destroying its valuable contents. The potmaker, therefore, builds it up laboriously, layer by layer.

The pot is subjected to rigid tests before being used. In actual use its life is under twenty days.

LOOK, BOYS!

TRAPEZEE

The Acrobatic Wonder Toy

ALMOST HUMAN IN ITS
ACTIONS!

It consists of a handsome parallel iron frame on which the little yellow man accurately performs like an athlete.

Five Different Stunts —

THE FLYING TRAPEZE — Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

THROUGH THE LOOP — A swift swing and he goes through a wire loop, makes a turn and, catching by his heels, swings head downward from a bar.

THE GIANT SWING — He goes forward with a rush, releases the trapeze, catches a horizontal-bar with his heels, makes two swift somersaults in the air and catches by his heels again.

He performs two more horizontal-bar acts with the grace and agility of a circus star, and many new ones can be invented.

The Most Wonderful Toy in
the World!

PRICE \$1.50

The collapsible stand and the little manikin are neatly packed in a handsome box. Delivered anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. Address

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.,
166 W. 23d St., New York City, N. Y.



"The Best Hunch I Ever Had!"

"It happened just three years ago. I was feeling pretty blue. Pay day had come around again and the raise I'd hoped for wasn't there. It began to look as though I was to spend my life checking orders at a small salary.

"I picked up a magazine to read. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month for years I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice—yes, every word!

"Two million men, it said, had made that coupon the first stepping stone toward success. In every line of business, men were getting splendid salaries because they had torn out that coupon. Mechanics had become foremen and superintendents—carpenters had become architects and contractors—clerks like me had become sales, advertising and business managers because they had used that coupon.

"Suppose that I . . . ? What if by studying at home nights I really could learn to do something besides check orders? I had a hunch to find out—and then and there I tore out that coupon, marked it, and mailed it.

"That was the turn in the road for me. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

"In six months I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And I've been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed

manager of our Western office at \$5,000 a year. Tearing out that coupon three years ago was the best hunch I ever had."

For thirty-two years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! All we ask is the chance to prove it.

Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon. Do it right now!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 4491-C Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blue Prints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....
Street.....
Address.....

3-6-24

City.....State.....

Occupation.....
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 1133 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—90c an hour to advertise and distribute samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Co., 1658 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

EARN \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet, CM-101 Stand, Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel experience unnecessary. Write George R. Wagner, former Govt. Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

DETECTIVES Make Big Money. Travel, be your own boss. Easily Learned. We instruct, small cost. Write Johnson's Detective School, 1407 Lafayette Ave., SE, Grand Rapids, Michigan, Dept. S. S.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 515 Hannibal, Mo.

PERSONAL

MARRY—WEALTHY GIRL, considered beautiful, wants congenial husband. Eva, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

HOTEL OWNER, worth \$60,000, wishes marriage. U., Box 866, League, Denver, Colo.

MARRY IF LONELY: Home Maker; hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. The Successful Club, Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

GET A SWEETHEART. Exchange letters. Write me enclosing stamp. Violet Ray, Dennison, Ohio.

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

PERSONAL—Continued

IF LONESOME exchange jolly letters with beautiful ladies and wealthy gentlemen. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Fla. (Stamp).

LOOK WHOSE HERE! Princess OKIE world famous horoscopes. Get your's today. Don't delay. Send full birthdate and 10c. K. Okie, Box 280, 8405 Sq. St., New York, N. Y.

LONELY HEARTS, join our Club, be happy, correspondence everywhere, many descriptions, photos free; either sex, most successful method, 23 years' experience. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses, 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 2265 R, Boston, Mass.

MARRY—Particulars for stamp. F. Morrison, S-3053 W. Holden Street, Seattle, Wash.

MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. S6, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Write for big new directory with photos and descriptions free. National Agency, Dept. A, Kansas City, Mo.

SWEETHEARTS' Correspondence Club. Stamped envelope for sealed proposal. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

SONGWRITERS

POEMS WANTED—Sell your song-verses for cash. Submit Mss. at once or write New Era Music Co., 140, St. Louis, Mo.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. \$1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., P.C., Baltimore, Md.

Ma Ma Doll FREE
she Walks-Talks Sleeps-Swings
Yes! she will walk with you and talk; says "Ma Ma" just like a real, live baby. Lay her down and she goes to sleep. Put her in her cute little swing and she's a happy, laughing Dollie; the dearest, most lovable Doll, with rosy cheeks, big blue eyes, ruby lips and the sweetest face. She is dressed just right to romp and play and is 16 in. tall.
Doll-Swing-Glasses Given
We send you this handsome Walking, Talking, Sleeping Dollie, with her own little swing and Doll Eyeglasses ALL FREE for selling only 24 packages of Perfumed Sachet * 10¢ each. Write to-day. Send no money.
JONES MFG. CO. Dept. 356 ATTLEBORO, MASS.

HAY FEVER or ASTHMA
TREATMENT on TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1; if not, it's FREE. Write for it today. State which you want. W. K. STERLINE, 844 Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.

I MAKE THE BEST CHOCOLATE BARS
Mints and Chewing Gum. Be my agent. Everybody will buy from you. Write today. Free Samples.
MILTON GORDON
134 Jackson St., Cincinnati, Ohio

PIMPLES

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.
FREE Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.
E. S. GIVENS, 186 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Handsome FREE Wrist Watch
Guaranteed Time Keeper. Given for selling only 30 cards of Dress Snap-Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily Sold. **EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS.** Order your cards TO-DAY. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold.
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Box 127 Z Lancaster, Pa.

FREE THE BIG 3 FT. TELESCOPE
See people and objects miles away, on land or sea, as if they were close. Wonder Telescope gives new pleasures to home, farm, camp, travel, sport. See moon and stars as never before. Opens out over 3 feet long, in 5 sections; measures 12 inches closed. Brass bound; has powerful lenses. Thousands pleased—"Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away."—Mrs. Yarbrough. "Saw Provincetown Light, 28 miles away, as clear as if in front of me."—Clyde Scribner. "I have been watching submarines 3 miles off the coast."—P. Grush. "Can see children playing in school yard 6 miles away."—P. H. Hemington. "Read the numbers on freight cars mile away, see mountains on moon."—A. C. Palmer.
Because of fortunate purchase from large European maker we can give you a big bargain. Be first in your neighborhood; entertain your friends. **Send no money; send only name and address for telescope and see by parcel post.** On arrival deposit with Postman only \$1.85 plus a few pennies postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Order today while supply lasts.
FERRY & CO., 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. C246, Chicago, Ill.

UNDER-GROUND SEA IN SAHARA

There is animal life 200, and 300 feet beneath the burning sands of the Sahara Desert. That is the amazing discovery made through experiments of sinking artesian wells at various points in the North African waste with a view to possible irrigation. Waters drawn from great depths were found to contain small crabs, fish and shellfish, all perfectly alive. The discovery is proving an absolute puzzle, no theory so far seeming entirely satisfactory.

Usually it has been possible to explain the presence of fish, etc., in underground waters in the fact that they were locked up during some primeval cataclysm. Adapting themselves gradually to new conditions these animals living in darkness are always blind entirely or possess special optical apparatus suitable to darkness. Those found underneath the Sahara belong to a species inhabiting the lakes of Palestine.

Shafts sunk during the last few years in the Sahara prove there are large sheets of water everywhere. Animals found now cause the belief there is a vast underground sea, densely inhabited.

"FOUR CORNERS" STATES

There are such States, but only one set of "four corners" States in the United States, where four states join at the corners. This point is upon a spur of the Carriso Mountains, where Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona join. It is said that at no other point on the globe do we find four States, provinces or territories uniting to form a junction. This spot is not easy of access and few tourists ever see it, yet a monument stands at the very point erected by United States surveyors and inscribed with the names of the States whose boundaries meet there. The point is reached by a trail from the road leading from Navajo Springs in Colorado, in the Ute Reservation, to the San Juan River. The trail leaves the road and crosses the river near Scott's trading post in Utah, and leads to the monument, which is of the usual type erected by the Government surveyors to mark State corners. A former monument was destroyed by Navajo Indians and only the cairn of rocks was left, but within a year or two another surveying party visited the spot and rebuilt the monument.

HANDS UP! 

Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing a full package of your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. **PAY POST.** **MAN \$1.79 on delivery plus postage.** **Money back if not satisfied.** **Pat. Pending**

PATHFINDER CO. Dept. P11B 534 Sixth Ave., New York

FREE Navy Model AIRSHIP AND PARACHUTE

Boys! Here's the great navy model Airship. Large 6 ft. air bag with inflators, parachute with automatic release and complete instructions for flying. Will fly for miles at height of 1,000 feet. Many flights can be made. Great chance to study aerial navigation. Send today for 12 packages of perfumed sachet, sell at 10c each. return money when sold and this wonderful airship is yours. Boys if you want real sport get this airship. Write today

JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 357 ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS



Get Behind a Hohner for Happiness!

There's nothing like good music for happiness; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Any boy or girl can learn to play real music quickly with the aid of the Free Hohner Instruction Book, procurable at all good dealers. And all good dealers sell Hohner's Harmonicas—

The World's Best

"That Musical Pal of Mine" is a favorite expression among Hohner enthusiasts everywhere. Hohner enthusiasm is sweeping the country. Why don't you get in line for popularity and enjoyment?

Go to your dealer today, get a Hohner Harmonica—50¢ up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 156, New York City.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

FREE!

the BOOK for REDBLOODS



"Do It With Muscle!"

BE a man or a mouse. Stride ahead in the world with your head held high or sink into your hole like a timid little beastie. Every living boy or man has got to accept one or the other, success or failure . . . happiness or misery.

Which are YOU going to choose?

Health, Strength and Virility, Personality, Romance and Wealth . . . these are the tokens of physical fitness; these are the rich rewards of scientific muscle mastery.

Truth Never Told Before

leaps out of every page and paragraph of my wonderful new book, "DO IT WITH MUSCLE!" It absolutely proves that every living mortal must stand or fall, conquer or succumb, rejoice or agonize in exact proportion to the strength, soundness and wholesomeness of his external and internal muscular performance. And, reader, that means YOU!

"Do It With Muscle!"

is a helpful, plainly worded explanation of the methods by which the writer became the PHYSICALLY PERFECT MAN and attained world-wide professional eminence, prosperity and family happiness. It tells how, under my guidance, thousands of boys, youths and men have achieved shining lives through the intelligent conquest of constipation, world-weariness, fear, debility and the whole ugly horde of physical, mental and sexual disorders resulting from ignorance, neglect and folly. Lavishly illustrated with scores of heretofore unpublished superb camera studies of myself and pupils.

Get Your Copy

of "DO IT WITH MUSCLE!" right away. It will give you the clue to the mysteries of life. No obligation, no charge. Just send the coupon and one dime (10c.) as an evidence of your genuine interest and to help defray my mailing costs.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist for 25 Years
Dept. 1484 Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

-----FREE BOOK COUPON-----

I **LIONEL STRONGFORT**
Dept. 1484, Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me my complimentary copy of "DO IT WITH MUSCLE!" for which I enclose one dime (10c.) toward mailing expense, assuming no obligation. This new book may explain my failure to attain complete health, strength and happiness.

Name.....

Street No.....

City..... State.....

PLUCK AND LUCK

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 1330 Bob the Walf; or, A Story of Life in New York.
- 1331 The Wildest Boy in New York; or, Saved at the Brink.
- 1332 Bushwhacker Ben; or, The Union Boys of Tennessee.
- 1333 The Night Riders of Ravenswood; A Strange Story of Arizona.
- 1334 Phil the Boy Fireman; or, Through the Flames to Victory.
- 1335 The Boy Slave; or, A Young New Yorker in Central America.
- 1336 Dunning & Co.; or, The Boy Brokers.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 7c. per copy, in money or postage stamps.

THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS PRICE 8 CENTS

- 1337 Daniel Boone's Best Shot; or, The Perils of the Kentucky Pioneers.
- 1338 Ollie, The Office Boy; or, The Struggles of a Poor Walf.
- 1339 The Two Boy Stowaways; or, A Strange Voyage On a Doomed Ship.
- 1340 Columbia; or, The Young Firemen of Glendale.
- 1341 Paddling On the Amazon; or, Three Boy Canoeists in South America.
- 1342 Happy Jack, the Darling Spy; A Story of the Great Rebellion.
- 1343 Nameless Nat; or, A Millionaire in Rags.
- 1344 The Boy Mail Carrier; or, Government Service in Minnesota.
- 1345 The Boy Messenger of Russia; or, The Czar's Secret Despatch Bearer.
- 1346 Monte Cristo, Jr.; or, The Diamonds of the Borgias.
- 1347 The Boy Privateer Captain; or, Lost on a Nameless Sea.
- 1348 The Boys in Blue; or, Football Champions of Cherryville.
- 1349 From Bootblack to Broker; or, The Luck of a Wall Street Boy.
- 1350 The Block House Boys; or, The Young Pioneers of the Great Lakes.
- 1351 The White Boy Slaves; or, The Student Exiles of Siberia.
- 1352 A Coral Prison; or, The Two Boy Hermits of the Indian Ocean.
- 1353 Dick "I Will; or, The Plucky Fight of a Boy Orphan.
- 1354 Larry of the Lantern; or, The Smugglers of the Irish Coast.
- 1355 My Chum Charlie; or, The Strange Adventures of Two New York Boys.
- 1356 The Boyhood Days of "Pawnee Bill"; or, From the Schoolroom to the Frontier.
- 1357 The Young Deserters; or, The Mystery of Ramsay Island.
- 1358 The Bowery Prince; or, A Bootblack's Road to Fame.
- 1359 Jack Mosby, the Guerilla King; or, Riding and Raiding in the Rebellion.
- 1360 A Lawyer at 17; and, The Fee That Made His Fortune.
- 1361 The Houseboat Boys; or, Stirring Adventures in the Northwest.
- 1362 The Dark Sons of Ireland; or, Plotting Under the Shannon Water.
- 1363 Young Karl Kruger; or, The Richest Boy in the Transvaal.
- 1364 The Phantom Fireman; or, The Mystery of Mark Howland's Life.
- 1365 Ben Brevier; or, The Romance of a Young Printer.
- 1366 The Signal Service Boys; or, Fighting Above the Clouds.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.,

166 West 23d Street.

New York City

SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

Price 35 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing. For sale by all Newsdealers and Bookstores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 35 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address.

L. Senarens, 210 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

Useful, Instructive, and Amusing. They contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc.

No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.—By Harry Kennedy. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 16. HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 17. HOW TO DRESS.—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless.

No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.—A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c. per copy, in money or stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York City

